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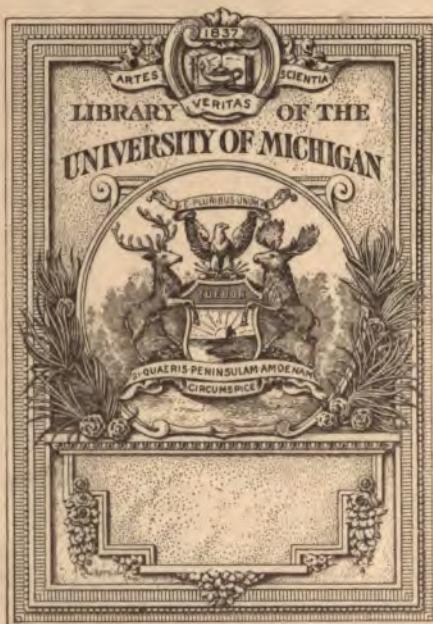
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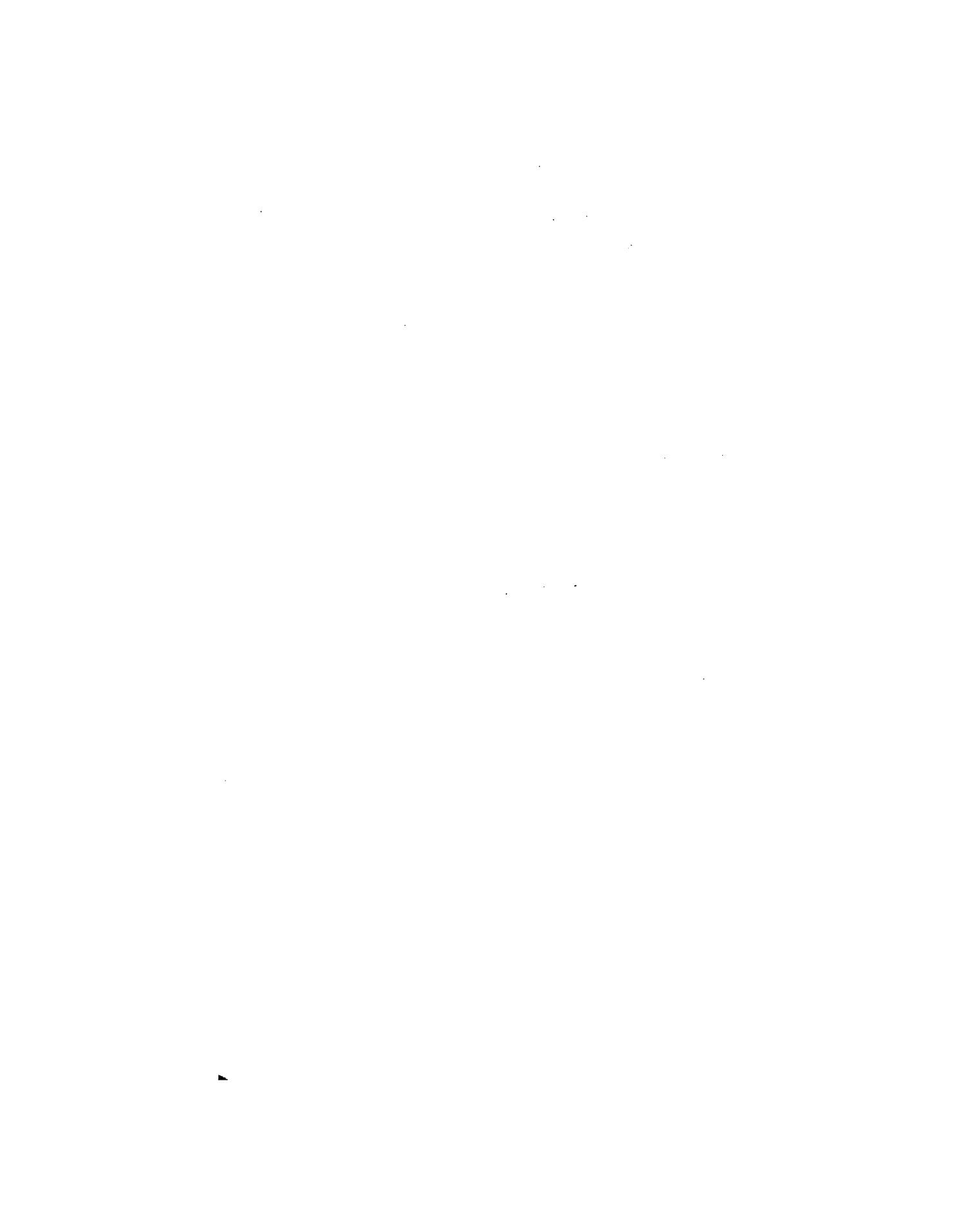
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SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD



36. 1961



U.C.P.M.

*Sir Frank Lockwood sketching
From a photograph taken by his eldest daughter*

London Published by Smith Elder & Co 15 Waterloo Place S.W.

FRANK LOCKWOOD

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

AUGUSTINE BIRBELL

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

FOURTH IMPRESSION (SECOND EDITION)

LONDON

ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1808

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LIFE
OF
SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

I HAVE felt from the first that the task friendship has allotted to me is one it is almost impossible to discharge to anybody's satisfaction. To write a short sketch of some one of brilliant parts but obscure destiny, whose life's story was 'a fragment known to few,' who never had justice done to him, and over whose new-made grave a great silence brooded, would be (so at least I have often thought) an easy and delightful thing to do. But that is not my present enterprise. The multitude of Lockwood's friends overwhelms me. The men who delighted in his society, who have walked and

talked and shot and ridden with him—judges, barristers, doctors, actors, politicians local and imperial, country parsons, school friends, college friends, friends in the Courts of Law and of both Houses of Parliament, of the moor and the river, crowd upon me, and, in my imagination, assume an almost threatening attitude. I seem to see

'Their dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,'

and already hear their tumultuous but unanimous verdict: 'This pale shadow is not the Frank Lockwood we all knew and loved. In your puny bit of portraiture we read no tokens "of the large composition of this man."'

A multitude of friends does not necessarily secure a rich storehouse of biographical material. One cannot dispense with manuscript. The old saying holds true, *Litera scripta manet*. Striking figures, powerful personalities, men who in their own day could never be overlooked, who were always the centre of the liveliest circles, have before now passed clean away out of the world, leaving no record behind them, save it may be in casual references to be found in the letters and diaries of far less significant persons.

Sir Frank Lockwood kept no diary except

when on his brief travels, and the only regular correspondent he ever had was his father, who died in 1891. These letters with the fewest exceptions have been mislaid. His great gift of illustration, which accompanied him all his life and became his second nature, tended to destroy, by rendering unnecessary, the habit of conveying his mind by writing. It is no exaggeration to say that he communicated with his family and friends pictorially. To publish more than a few examples of these picture-letters would be to turn what is at all events meant for a biography into a portfolio.

Therefore, in putting forth this meagre sketch of one who was so generally beloved, and by few more than by myself, I ask for indulgence and some recognition of the difficulties which unavoidably beset me.

Frank Lockwood was born at Doncaster, in a pleasant house which overlooks the broad way that leads to the race-course, on the 15th of July, 1846. He always loved his native town, and could have exclaimed with Southey, 'Reader, if thou carest little or nothing for the Yorkshire river Don, or for the town of Doncaster and for the

circumstances connected with it, I am sorry for thee.' But for my part I am well content to refer those of my readers who are fond of topography to the second volume of '*The Doctor*,' where they will find a vast deal about Doncaster, and will indulge myself in but one other quotation from a very agreeable book which Lockwood loved because it was so full of Doncaster. 'He liked Doncaster because he must have been a very unreasonable man if he had not been thankful that his lot had fallen there, because he was useful and respected there, contented, prosperous, happy; finally, because it is a very likeable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England, for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well-built, well-governed, has no manufactures, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling than perhaps any other town in the kingdom; and moreover, it sends no members to Parliament.'

Lockwood's great-grandfather and grandfather were both Mayors of Doncaster (1823 and 1832), where, however, they were engaged—happily engaged, I will make bold to add, in the teeth of Southeby's gentility—in the trade or

calling of quarriers of stone at Levitt Hagg, a business still carried on, in the fourth generation, by Frank's brother, Alfred Lockwood. The grandfather, Joseph Lockwood, was held in such regard at Doncaster that for some years he filled the office of judge on the race-course, and a busto of him at one time (if it does not now) adorned the old Betting Rooms.

Lockwood's father, Charles Day Lockwood, was in the family business, and married in November 1842 Jane Haimes Mitchell, and there was issue of the marriage seven children, whose names are given in the note below.¹

Lockwood's eldest and dearly-loved sister, Mrs. Atkinson, who was in the early days her brother's constant companion, has kindly sent me the following notes of his childhood:

' You have asked me to write down a few personal recollections of my brother Frank's earliest years, and of the home in which he

¹ Lucy Ellen, *b.* December 1843, *m.* J. M. Atkinson.
Charles James, *b.* February 1845, *d.* March 1, 1873.
Frank, *b.* July 1846, *m.* Julia Rosetta Schwabe.
Alice Mary, *b.* April 1849, *d.* February 1854.
Madeleine, *b.* June 1851, *d.* February 1854.
Alfred, *b.* July 1853, *m.* Ada Elizabeth Timperley.
Agnes Mary, *b.* March 1856, *m.* Harold Jackson.

lived. His great-grandfather came to Doncaster from another part of Yorkshire, and was what is called a self-made man. Of his nobility of character my father spoke frequently; he used to tell us stories of the days when our great-grandfather was Mayor of the town, and how the inner delights of the Mansion House and its store-room were open to himself and his brothers in their school-days. When my father was especially pleased with Frank he used to say, "How much that boy is like my grandfather." Our grandfather inherited the business and interest in large limestone quarries, which are still worked by a firm one of whose members is my brother Alfred—of the fourth generation. The firm built the boats and barges required in carrying stone from the quarries, and a river boat built for them was always a resource for my brothers on holidays. Possibly Frank then acquired the taste for boating which was afterwards shown at Cambridge, where he was captain of the Caius boat.

'Frank was born at a house in South Parade, Doncaster. From the windows of our nursery we could watch all that came in or out of the

town—on market day the carts of varied kinds which came in from the numberless villages round the town, many from Lincolnshire villages; great droves of cattle on their way from Scotland to London. Two annual horse fairs were held in the street, and there was the interest of the boys in the horses, and the humours and oddities of the men who bought and sold. In the Yeomanry week we were martial. Our nurse allowed us to make the window ledge, which was wide, our table at breakfast time, that we might lose nothing of the soldiers, who rode home from exercise and drill at that time. The people who passed to and from the races came largely to amuse us, so at least we felt—indeed, we learnt a great deal about the world from that window.

‘ My father was an artist of real ability, and our most treasured toys were those which he made for us; a set of race-horses and jockeys cut out of cardboard and beautifully coloured were made by him when he was a boy himself.

‘ My father continually illustrated our chats, drawing sketches suggested by the incidents or anecdote of the moment; and in the early nursery

and school-room days Frank was continually drawing—indeed, pencils and paint-brushes were busy weapons with the three of us, who did all things together in those days. Unfortunately the pencils were usually of slate, and so Frank's drawings, though they excited our admiration, were not preserved. He drew battles, fights, and other stirring scenes, talking all the time as rapidly as he drew. We had for several years always a Christmas tree, when such things were rare in England. The tree stood in a case of plaster representing a hill; the shepherds and sheep were there, and the Star of Bethlehem was at the top. Pretty things came from Nürnberg to dress the tree, and my father made the rest, assisted by my mother. They wrote for us in turn a poem for Christmas, a nicely printed copy being given to each of us on Christmas Eve. We sang carols round the tree, servants and children being trained by a musical friend to sing in parts. The Christmas tree was never repeated after the death in 1854 of two little sisters. Our mother always talked to us on Sunday afternoon, not giving us so much a Scripture lesson as advice, which none of us

could ever forget. Truth and honour were much insisted on. Frank's education was begun at home under a clever governess, who was a quakeress. Doncaster had at that time many quakers, and the dress was rigidly adhered to then. The horse fair was held in the main thoroughfare, and the Yeomanry week was another delight, especially to Frank.

' My mother's maiden name was Mitchell. Her parents were Scotch. Of my maternal grandfather's descent, I only know that he was an Aberdeenshire man.

' My maternal grandfather was a school-master. When my mother was born he lived at Market Harborough, but afterwards removed to Leicester, where he remained until his death in 1859. He was a man of considerable learning. He read his Bible in the original tongues, and knew also Arabic, Syriac, &c. He amused himself by making us learn sentences in these tongues, which we repeated parrot wise. We delighted in his laboratory, where science was made amusing for us. To swing all together on a platform, held in suspense by a giant magnet, was one of our joys. Charlie alone, I fear,

profited by the lessons our grandfather gave us there. The good people of Leicester were at that time, it seems to me, to be always putting up lightning conductors, and none was complete until my grandfather's approval was given. A few years ago I was introduced to the Town Clerk of Leicester, when visiting the town on business, as Mr. Mitchell's grand-daughter. "Dear me!" he said, "the grand-daughter of my old friend thunder and lightning Mitchell"—an amusing greeting. My grandfather had a good deal of humour, and I can remember how he loved to draw out Frank's repartee by quiet teasing. Our mother was educated at Miss Franklin's school in Coventry. "George Eliot" was one of her school-fellows there: they met once again only, in their later days. I have heard that the training in English composition was most rigorous and excellent at this school, and certainly my mother was a great authority on the matter to all our friends. She edited many a pamphlet or letter of importance. My father told her so often, "Jane, you ought to write a book," that it became a family joke. Her reply was always the same, "My dear, I

have nothing to write about but you and the children," and certainly her continual self-denying economy enabled my father to give my brothers the education which they both desired for them. Some heavy family claims weighed much upon my father, who was chivalrously unselfish and tender-hearted.

' Two friends of our parents were Mr. Edward and Mr. Charles Wehnert. Mr. Edward was an artist. Some of his pictures are now at South Kensington—"The Prisoner of Gisors" is one, I think. Both were witty and very interesting men. Mr. Charles Wehnert lived in Sheffield, where he was a foreign correspondent, and also taught languages: from my earliest years until long after I married he spent every available holiday with us. He brought us delightful books, toys, cutlery, "Grimm's Fairy Tales" illustrated by his brother, German Volkslieder, bringing them out by degrees at unexpected moments. Much as we liked his toys and books, his interesting talks with our parents and the wonderful jokes we all enjoyed together had far greater charms in our eyes. The last new book was discussed or introduced to us, and when he was

away his correspondence was much enjoyed. In his later years Mr. Wehnert became somewhat of a hermit in his ways. He was a short man with a very long beard, a long coat, and what we considered shocking hats. My sister-in-law never saw him, but once, after hearing Frank and myself talking about him, she said, "Well, Frank, Mr. Wehnert may be a very nice old man, but I do not think you would like to be seen with him in London." "Indeed," said Frank, "I should be very proud to walk down Piccadilly with him."

'My brothers' first schoolmaster was a clergyman who took only a few pupils. The discipline in this school was lax, and in consequence the two boys were sometimes turbulent at home and brought themselves under condemnation for small offences. I remember so well how they would wait on such occasions in shelter of a summer-house near the garden entrance my father used when he returned from business, begging him, "Dad, we are to go to bed at six o'clock; ask mamma to let us off." The punishment was usually remitted.

'Frank was always the light of our house,

and his quaint bright speeches were quoted, though few of them have been handed down. The mother who "kept them in her heart" died many years ago. I remember that once our nurse came laughing into my room on a Sunday evening. "The boys" had been too noisy after bedtime, Frank particularly shouting "Yankee Doodle" at the top of his voice. When she bade him remember what day it was he replied, "Eliza, the glory of the day has departed." Small nursery punishments were frequently turned into privileges by his quick wit. His humour, which was a reflection of our mother's, stood him often in good stead when a "scolding" was earned : she rebuked Frank with her lips, but her eyes sparkled appreciation when he said an apt thing in his own defence. In the days when he and my brother Charles were pupils at Mr. Lane's school, Edenfield House, they often followed the hounds, taking turns to go out with a friend¹ who lent a pony for the occasion ; sometimes, too, they followed together on foot when the meet was near enough. My father took them sometimes to the races in September, but as they grew older

¹ Richard Morris, now of Beechfield, Doncaster.

he feared lest they might become too eager in this pleasure, and gave them their choice of seeing the “*Leger*” run or of spending the week at the sea-side with our mother ; they always chose the latter. He invented all our games, which were often played as a continuative story—the same characters with new incidents every day. It was he who was ingenious on April 1. On one occasion a boy who ran errands &c. was his victim for the day. After he had been sent on various foolish messages, including several to a bootmaker’s shop, our mother came to the school-room and said : “Frank ! Mr. Green [the bootmaker] wishes to see you ; you must go to him at once.” Frank looked uneasy, but he had no choice in the matter, and set off to meet the justly irritated tradesman. My brother Charlie confided to me that Frank had taken a shoe, in need of repair, concealed beneath his jacket. He came back with a cheerful face, scot free, and said, “Mr. Green will mend the shoe and send it home.” I believe that Frank worked very well at Mr. Lane’s school. Mr. Lane was much attached to him, and always foretold that he would one day make his powers

felt. The two brothers were at first daily pupils, but became boarders in 1860, when my father removed to Manchester. A master at Mr. Lane's school, Mr. Brightwell, was a very able man, and I believe that only in the classics his education was not so good as could be wished. Frank's taste for drawing was encouraged there, and the lessons were good for the period. I was boarding then at a school in Doncaster, and at church my brother and I sat in square pews near each other. We rarely saw each other except across the aisle. One day I received a most amusing note from Frank, complaining of having suffered punishment for looking at me in church. The master in charge declined to believe it was Frank's sister who was the object of his glances, and hence the trouble. All letters I received were, according to rule, under inspection. I well remember being very uneasy about showing this one, and how my schoolmistress laughed and enjoyed the joke when she read the note. My sister went to the same school many years later, and she has told me how my brother's letters with their wonderful illustrations were eagerly looked for by the

ladies of the school. When my brother Frank came to the Grammar School in Manchester, my elder brother Charles was already pupil to an engineer there. His health failed, and he took a voyage to Australia. On his return he passed the Indian Civil Service, and was for three years in the N.-W. Provinces and the Punjab. He gave great promise of being a useful public servant, but after three years was invalidated home. He died soon after his return, on the 3rd of March, 1873. In his second year in India he sent home 50*l.*, his first savings, with the request that Frank's gown and wig might be his gift when he was called to the Bar. There was a close friendship between the two brothers. Mr. Walker was at that time high-master at the Manchester Grammar School. Frank worked very hard indeed for several years, and had in vacation and other times a tutor to work him up in subjects in which he had lost time.'

In 1860 the family moved from Doncaster to Manchester, but, as Mrs. Atkinson mentions, Frank continued at Mr. Lane's school at Edenvfield House until 1863. During this period, namely, in June, 1861, he succeeded in passing

the Oxford Local Examination for Senior Students, being placed in the Third Division, and having prefixed to his name that asterisk which betokens that the candidate has succeeded in satisfying the examiner in the rudiments of faith and divinity. This was no great feat of scholarship, but I mention it because Lockwood always found a sturdy satisfaction in the reflection that though he had no passion for examinations, yet he never failed in passing one that resolutely crossed his path.

In 1863 Lockwood left Doncaster for good and all, and joined his parents at Manchester, and on the 3rd of August in that year he was entered as a scholar of the old Grammar School of that murky city. He made his way up in due course, and it is the tradition, for which there is no warrant in the school books, that when he left in 1865 to proceed to Cambridge he had reached the sixth and head-master's form. One of the older masters still at the school clearly remembers seeing Lockwood as a boy standing at Mr. Walker's table in the sixth form room with Mr. Walker's cap and gown on, an occurrence which he somewhat superfluously adds took place in Mr.

Walker's absence. Had Lockwood not been in the sixth form himself, such behaviour must have been resented by the actual members of the class. Mr. Walker himself, now the famous master of St. Paul's, is on the side of the tradition, for he writes : ' I had Frank Lockwood as my pupil in the sixth form at Manchester. I can recall him to memory now, standing before me and trying to translate some twelve lines of Greek play which he had evidently left unprepared.' Mr. Walker thinks the play was the '*Bacchæ*.' It is likely enough it was.

However this may be, when in 1895 the hundredth anniversary of the Old Boys' Dinner came round (of the dinner, be it observed, not of the school, which is of hoar antiquity), Lockwood was Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, and one of the best-known men in England. He was invited to be senior steward, and on rising to propose prosperity to the school, he was received, as indeed he always was everywhere, with great cheering, and something of what he said falls to be recorded here :

' On such an occasion as this I carry my mind back to thirty-five years ago, when I used

to change my hat for an academical mortar-board at the shop of an accommodating hatter, somewhere about the bottom of Market Street, before taking my way through Old Millgate and through that dear old Cathedral Yard and down Long Millgate to the old schoolhouse, where I sat and ought to have learnt. Thirty-five years ago is a very long time. It was in the days when Walker was consul. Of other things that I remember in the school at that time—and there may be some here to-night who remember it also—was our essaying to start a debating society. I was not of the sixth form, but they of the fifth form were offered the privilege, which they eagerly accepted, of taking part in those debates, and I well remember the first and, so far as I can recollect, the only debate.

‘The subject was as to whether the interference of Great Britain in the Crimean War was a justifiable interference.

‘I suppose I was a Jingo then, because under the influence of the first volume of Kinglake I espoused the cause of Great Britain, and justified, or attempted to justify, her interference.

‘After the debate was completed my old

friend, Mr. Perkins, the master of the fifth form, spoke to me of the speech I had made. Mr. Perkins spoke kindly and encouragingly, but said the speech smelt somewhat of the lamp. I should just think it did. It consisted in the main of two pages of Kinglake, which I had somewhat imperfectly endeavoured to commit to memory. Another of my memories relates to our old French master, M. Mordacque. I remember how on the occasions when M. Mordacque's class was held, the valiant young Britons under his tuition dared to attempt deeds which they would not have ventured upon at any other time, and I remember also how gently, pathetically, bravely, they were borne by that honest and good-hearted man. But a Nemesis awaited the pupils of M. Mordacque, for on his retirement the authorities engaged for our instruction in the French language the services of a chevalier so tall, so strong, so hairy, in every sense so terrible, that in him M. Mordacque and Waterloo were avenged at once. I remember well those boards in the old schoolhouse which bore on them the names of the men who had won University honours, and I knew perfectly well my

name would never appear upon those boards ; and I was absolutely justified in that conclusion. I remember how in those days we were all going to the Bar—all except myself, who was designed for the Church—and how we used to go down to what were then the new courts in Strangeways, and envied the men who were able to go in and hear what was going on ; and especially how we envied Faulkner Blair as he passed in his wig and gown, and how we looked upon the fortunate man who was to conduct a case for slander or breach of promise of marriage, little thinking of the time when even slander would grow stale and breach of promise pall upon the appetite.

‘ These were some of the things that interested us then. We have parted from our school and gone out into life. Some of us have become parsons and some prophets—not sporting but political prophets—and some are still with us and some have passed away.

‘ What the school was in our time we may be certain it is still—the same great field of enterprise, the same great field in which boys exercise their ambition. I am sure I hope with all my

heart that there may always be found a race of boys going out into the world through the Manchester Grammar School. They need never be ashamed of the school to which they had belonged, and I trust they may never by word or deed or thought bring dishonour upon the institution to which they will have owed so much. To-day the school is in good hands. The Craven Scholarship has again fallen before the attack of Manchester, the Gaisford Greek Prose Prize has again been awarded to a scholar of the Manchester Grammar School, and a Balliol exhibition has again been won by Manchester. Twelve open scholarships in the Universities are filled by boys who have been educated in Old Millgate. What a lesson was this to those who said that classical excellence could only be obtained amidst classical surroundings ! Here, in this great commercial centre, surrounded by all the commercial enterprises of the day, we have a flourishing school which wins the greatest prizes that are offered to the scholarship of the time. Long may this success be continued !' Sir Frank Lockwood concluded by proposing 'Prosperity to the School.'

It is not the least striking of the merits of 'that grand old fortifying curriculum,' a classical education, that in the retrospect of life it seldom loses its hold upon the respectful admiration even of those who, like Lockwood and his biographer, were most studious in its neglect.

'O seri studiorum! quine putetis
Difficile et mirum Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit?'

CHAPTER II

CAMBRIDGE

It was in October 1865 that Frank Lockwood came knocking at the old Gate of Humility belonging to Gonville and Caius College, seeking admission with nineteen other freshmen to that seminary of sound learning and true religion. In 1865, and for many years theretofore, Caius was regarded as the stronghold of the once famous Cambridge Evangelical Party, and under the powerful personal influence of the Reverend Charles Clayton, who was the College Tutor from 1848 to 1865, an extraordinary number of the undergraduates—at one time as many as sixty per cent. of the whole—took Holy Orders. It is somewhat capricious how some movements get themselves advertised, whilst others equally potent are left unsung. The Cambridge Evangelicals are never likely to have literary justice done to them, so strong is the aversion enter-

tained by ‘men of taste’ to the word Evangelical. But I must not labour this point, for it was in no spirit of religious partisanship that Lockwood approached his University. He was, we know, intended for the Church, if I may employ a slipshod phrase which, in the easy days of 1865, was used even by bishops to indicate the purpose of becoming a candidate for the Holy Orders of the English Church, nor did Lockwood during the period of his residence at Cambridge ever formally abandon this intention. His father seems to have wished it, and the son saw no objection.

Lockwood had not been many hours at Cambridge before there sprang into existence what was destined to grow with his growth, and to accompany him for all the rest of his stirring days—the something which I can only call the great Lockwood tradition; that entertaining series of stories and anecdotes, of quips and cranks, which has received and retained those constant embellishments of feature and enrichment of detail which are the marks or notes of a real tradition.

Mr. Anderson Critchett, the famous oculist

of Harley Street, who was Lockwood's senior at Caius by one year and his friend for ever more, tells me that, a day or two after the beginning of the October Term of 1865, everybody in College was repeating the story of the big Yorkshire freshman and the Boat captain's beer. It was thought to be an exquisite jest. The then captain of the boat club, Charles Edward Underhill, now an eminent physician in Edinburgh, had called upon Lockwood, selecting, after the pleasant Cambridge fashion, as a suitable opportunity for his visit an hour when college discipline peremptorily required the presence of all the freshmen elsewhere. It thereupon became Lockwood's duty to return the call, and to go on returning it until such time as he should find his thoughtful visitor with his oak unsported. Lockwood, on the occasion of his return call, found the great man just sitting down to a somewhat late luncheon, and by his side reposed a tankard (doubtless a trophy tankard) of buttery ale. Conversation a little flagging, and an offer of luncheon having been declined, the tankard was pushed to Lockwood, who thereupon (and this is the whole story) raised it to his lips and

there retained it until, when it came to be put down, it proved to be empty. *The butteries were closed till dinner-time*, and thus it came about that the captain of the boat club was robbed of his mid-day tankard by a freshman. Here begins the great Lockwood tradition, which for the most part I mean to leave severely alone.

Lockwood enjoyed his college days as much as ever did a member of the race ‘called emphatically men.’ He made friends of whose society he never grew tired, hailing them to the end of his days by old familiar college names. There was no breach in Lockwood’s life; he had no deciduous periods wherein to shed friends. ‘Oh! it is pleasant as it is rare,’ exclaims, almost cries, Charles Lamb, ‘to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped it to turn over the pages of the “Cicero de Amicitia.”’ Few men have feasted more fully than Lockwood upon the pleasures of the ‘linked arm.’ He ranked among his friends future Fellows of his College—Jardine, who was eighth wrangler in 1867, Christopher James, who was eleventh wrangler in 1868, and E. S. Roberts, now tutor. He was also intimately associated with many men, both of Caius

and other colleges, whose days were not (in the Miltonic sense) laborious. He both boated and played cricket. ‘His bent,’ cautiously observes Mr. Roberts, ‘was in the direction of classics, and he made a virtuous resolution to read with one of the scholars of the year, and the resolution was rigorously acted upon for one day.’

As an oarsman he enjoyed some reputation, rowing five in the first boat in 1867 and becoming captain of the club in 1868. Mr. Anderson Critchett, an accurate observer, reports to me that Lockwood was an imposing figure in a boat. Nobody had a straighter back or got ‘forward’ with a more conscientious gravity, but splendid as was his physique—for when he first appeared at the University he stood over six feet in his stockings—and triumphant to all appearance as was his health, he was never, in Mr. Critchett’s opinion, a strong man. His reserve of strength was small, and of this he was always almost excessively aware; he seldom, even in the heyday of his spirits, forgot his mortality.

Lockwood’s size, unusual among undergraduates, at once obtained for him the nickname of Daniel Lambert, the one really fat man

who has squeezed his way into the ‘Dictionary of National Biography.’ The ‘Lambert’ was soon dropped, for in fact Lockwood was never fat, either as man or boy; but the ‘Daniel,’ or the more affectionate ‘Dan'l,’ stuck, and both at the University, and for years after, he was always so called and referred to by old friends; indeed, even unto the day of his death, there were many who never spoke or thought of Lockwood by any other title than ‘Dan'l,’ and whose hearts would be vexed were they to search his biography in vain for the old, familiar name.

Lockwood’s love of drawing, inherited from his father, had now got firm hold of him, and he was known to be the designer of the illustrated cover of ‘Momus,’ a facetious University sheet which appeared (I believe) no less than three times during one year, and was supposed to be very severe on the authorities. Copies of ‘Momus’ are now as rare as early editions of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’

Having abandoned the notion of classical honours—which indeed are not very easily obtainable at Cambridge, even by those who have a

bent in their direction—the ordinary B.A. degree presented no difficulty to the always robust intelligence of Lockwood. He seems, however, at one period to have called in the aid of the famous coach for the pollmen of those and many other cheerful days, Mr. Hamblin Smith, affectionately known as 'Big Smith,' whose encouraging countenance was often to be seen during periods of examination outside the Senate House, where he was accustomed to receive the touching confidences of his pupils, who would run up to him and tell him, as best they could, and in their simple way, how they had fared at the hands of the common enemy. 'If you have *really* done three propositions,' I once overheard him, with a somewhat painful emphasis, say to a pupil, 'you are undoubtedly through.' In the eyes of some strenuous University reformers, now mostly dead, Mr. Smith was a sinister figure who was grudged his unclassed place. Sneers were directed at his entirely manly and happily often successful efforts to shove his men along, but this does not prevent him in an honoured age from dwelling with a pardonable pride on the long list of pupils, since

famous, who were in their hour glad to be put up to a thing or two by him. Lockwood always delighted in Big Smith. Lockwood went out in ‘Political Economy,’ for which purpose he ought to have attended more regularly than he did the public lectures of Professor Fawcett. This difficulty, however, was got over by a special grace of the Senate, which, neatly framed and glazed, was one of the ornaments of Lockwood’s study, where many an intelligent stranger has had it pointed out to him, with an imperturbable gravity, as a signal and rare mark of University favour and distinction.

The scroll runs as follows :

‘Placeat vobis ut Francisco Lockwood e Coll. Gonv. et Cai, qui propter ignorantiam regulæ gratia vestra 6^{to} Juni 1867 sancte undecim tantum Professoris Œconomiae Publicæ lectiones audi-
verit, liceat nihilominus in Examinatione speciali eidem scientiæ studentium proximo Junio habendæ candidatum se profiteri.’

After somewhat the same fashion, one remembers, did the negligent Swift obtain his degree at Dublin *speciali gratia*. Lord Orrery’s story how the Oxford authorities were subsequently induced to give Swift one of their degrees in the belief that *speciali gratia* meant on account of great distinction is denied by later

biographers, but I can answer for it that Lockwood's 'special grace' of the Senate has deceived quite a pleasing number of persons.

As it is well embedded in the great Lockwood tradition that its hero was 'sent down' from college, it is perhaps right to narrate the actual facts, though to do so is to gain no glory. Who does not prefer the part of the Piper to that of Arthur in Clough's 'Bothie'?

'And it was told, the Piper narrating, and Arthur correcting,
Colouring he; dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
He to matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating;
He to the great might-have-been, upsoaring, sublime, and ideal:
He to the merest it was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing.'

As an undergraduate Lockwood was never sent down, nor does he ever seem to have come athwart the college authorities after a serious fashion. His high spirits did Caius no harm, nor was he involved in any debt or difficulty. But after he had passed his 'special' in Political Economy he remained up, not for the purpose of pursuing his studies in that or any other direction, but to play cricket and celebrate past intellectual achievements. One night after a cricket-match and a supper at Jesus, Lockwood, still in his flannels, over which he had drawn

the gown of a Master of Arts, and playing an instrument famous in the early history of music, advanced at the head of a small company of friends along Jesus Lane, across ‘the beefy market-place’ towards Caius. As they drew near, Lockwood and one of his companions, also of that college, remembered that they were both gated at nine, or some such unseasonable hour, and that the bells of St. Mary had already chimed midnight. Abandoning their companions to their individual fates, the two Caians made their way down the Senate-House passage, and stopping by the Gate of Honour, determined to scale the wall. Lockwood’s friend had just reached the top when a policeman suddenly appeared, and turning his lantern on the wall was about to seize the leg of the departing undergraduate, when Lockwood grappled with him and secured his friend’s retreat, even as did Wilson the escape of Robertson in the famous Waverley novel. His friend safe, Lockwood, letting the policeman go, proceeded cautiously to the rooms of an acquaintance who kept in ‘Jesus Chimney,’ and whose windows overlooked the Lane. Their occupant was still at his studies,

and kindly handed his friend through the window garments more suitable for the hour than those he was then wearing. This change effected, Lockwood presented himself at the porter's lodge, and was let in to college in the ordinary way. The next day explanations were of course demanded, and the Dons were very naturally of opinion that as Lockwood had got his degree he had better take up his *exeat*, which, however, he did not do, and the very next Sunday, being in chapel, he took upon himself, as a B.A. in residence, the duty of reading, with a fine emphasis, the First Lesson. This act, though in itself one of piety, angered the authorities, and Lockwood was 'sent down.'

A year or two later, when I was at Cambridge, the legend was that Lockwood having been sent down as an undergraduate reappeared (in pursuance of a bet) one fine morning at Caius, cunningly disguised as a foreigner; and trading upon the tutor's well-known partiality for showing the college to aliens, was first escorted over the familiar scenes by the very authority he had so justly incensed, and then finally seated at the high table at dinner, on which bad eminence

he sat winking at his undergraduate friends. The only foundation for this part of the story is that Lockwood did in truth reappear at Caius, after he had been sent down, wearing a beard and calling himself Major McPherson. In this disguise he succeeded in eluding the porter and stopping a couple of nights in college ; but so far from seeking out the tutor, he took great pains to avoid meeting him.

Mr. Christopher James tells me that when he looks back on the old Cambridge days, and on Lockwood, who did so much to enliven them, the things he remembers most easily about his friend are his never-failing spirits, his abiding humour, his affectionate nature, his contemptuous disregard of anyone and everyone placed in authority over him, and his extraordinary quickness in seizing an opportunity for saying or doing something to the point. As an illustration of this last characteristic, Mr. James remembers standing with Lockwood outside St. John's, and gazing upon a crowd of old Johnians, arrayed in their gowns as doctors and masters, which had been summoned from all quarters to attend the opening of the new

building which looks like a parish church, but is the College chapel ; or, if it was not for this purpose, it was for some other high collegiate ceremony. Someone idly wondered what the Johnians were making such a fuss about. Instantly Lockwood got his clue. He would find out. To dart into his tailor's shop, to borrow and assume the gown of a master of arts was, in time-honoured phrase, 'the work of a moment,' and thus clothed, Lockwood, looking grave beyond his years, introduced himself to the porter as an old Johnian, and took and maintained his place throughout the day's proceedings side by side with a reverend gentleman old enough to be his father, with whom in awe-struck whispers he conversed about 'old times.'

Another of Lockwood's old Cambridge friends, Edmund Byrom, recalls how, having to spend a night on boating business at Bedford, they found, after their work was done, that the only amusement Bedford had provided for them was a conjuring entertainment at the town-hall by a then well-known professor of that art. They duly attended, and no sooner had the professor given the usual invitation to any of the

audience to come upon the platform and watch his proceedings than Lockwood appeared there-upon, and from that moment, says Mr. Byrom, the entertainment fell into his hands. He was ignorant of a single conjuring trick of his own, but he made fun of the professor after a fashion that proved so infinitely diverting to the audience that the authorised programme was by common consent abandoned. The professor, who could at all events see which way the wind blew, made no objection, and, after an uproarious evening, returned with his tormentor to the inn, and supped with him in the best of tempers.

In after days Lockwood frequently visited his old college, to which he was greatly attached, and where he was always a welcome guest, but he had no mind for high-table honours, and usually stipulated at college gatherings to be put among his contemporaries. To attempt to name his friends would be impossible. It is only to give expression to my personal obligation that I mention James Jardine, Christopher James, Anderson Critchett, E. S. Roberts, Edmund Byrom, and Howard Smith, and last, but by no means least, Lockwood's bosom friend and sworn

crony—Samuel Foster of Killhow, Carlisle, who was not a Caius man, but belonged, as also did Howard Smith, to the neighbouring, more recent, but, it will be cheerfully admitted, not less famous foundation of Trinity College.

CHAPTER III

EARLY DAYS IN LONDON

LOCKWOOD left the University with the problem what he was to be still unsolved. No Smith—big or little—could help him here. The clergyman notion, never seriously entertained, had died of inanition. For medicine he had no vocation. The law is reported to turn a forbidding glance upon young fellows who are more conscious of a great capacity to enjoy life than of any willingness to endure it. How many of us in this period of our lives found ourselves cordially at one with Carlyle in wishing there were other professions ‘in addition to those three extremely cramp, confused, indeed, almost obsolete ones.’ But Carlyle was never a great hand at suggestions, and the only writer I ever came across who condescended to detail in the matter was Thackeray, who, as Mr. George Savage Fitz-Boodle, recommended the auctioneer’s pulpit as

just 'the peculiar place for a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, and of polite perceptions.'

Lockwood's elder brother Charles, a young man of great talents and very considerable industry, whose early death cast a great and abiding gloom over his brother's life, had succeeded in securing a place in the Indian Civil Service ; and some thoughts of seeking admission into a Government office were now loosely entertained by Lockwood, who, however, pending the solution of the problem, became tutor to a young gentleman in Cheshire. He used to tell how, arriving very late at the country-house destined to be the theatre of his tutorial actions, he asked to be shown straight to his room, where, as he was sitting in pensive mood reflecting on the responsibilities of his novel situation, he heard a noise outside his window. He threw the window open, and seeing a man attempting a burglarious entrance, jumped out and gave chase armed with a bedroom poker. The burglar, who knew the ground, whilst Lockwood soon got lost among unfamiliar laurel-bushes, succeeded in making off, but not until the poker, hurled by the unerring hand of the new tutor, had broken his head, as was

most satisfactorily proved by the usual ‘pool of blood.’ Lockwood, returning to the house, was nearly shot by his pupil, who, armed with a blunderbuss, mistook him for the robber. I am not acquainted with any other incident in Lockwood’s career as tutor.

This engagement over, Lockwood went home to discuss the future with his father, ever the friendliest of counsellors. The elder Lockwood suggested that his son should go to London and look about him, a surprisingly agreeable proposal, that was at once accepted. On reaching London Lockwood looked up old friends, most of whom it happened were reading for the Bar. First of all he called upon S. Foster, who was reading in the Temple, but Foster had momentarily suspended his studies and was out, and Lockwood crossed Chancery Lane to Lincoln’s Inn, where he found the friend he went in search of. Here Lockwood seems, on the spot, to have determined to be a barrister. He telegraphed to his father to send him a hundred pounds by return. His father was a little taken aback, but with a confidence as complete as it was deserved, sent him the money, and with it Lockwood paid the

necessary fees and entered himself as a student of Lincoln's Inn on the 14th of April, 1869.

Having now safely harnessed Lockwood to the law, a word or two may be said about his theatrical proclivities and adventures. For the stage he had undoubtedly a bent, but except for one short professional engagement, which I will mention directly, he never was more than a member of one of those wandering amateur companies, which at times go some way to relieve the dulness of country towns. Lockwood's Cambridge friend Edmund Byrom was always deeply engaged in pleasant matters of this kind, and he it was who persuaded Lockwood in July 1870 to join a small party of amateurs who opened a tour in the West of England with two performances at the Theatre Royal, Bath. Lockwood's part was Kenrick, the faithful servitor in the 'Heir at Law.' The company on leaving Bath proceeded to Exeter, where Lockwood was promoted to play the 'heavy leads,' namely, Joe Barlow in '100,000*l.*,' and Lord Duberley in the 'Heir-at-Law.' At Torquay the same bill was played, except that in addition Lockwood played the part of Ned Spanker in 'A Blighted Being.'

In September of the same year 1870 the same company, including Lockwood, played the same bills in Scarborough.

All Lockwood's friends during these early years dwell with an almost bewildered amazement upon two things—the charm of his company and his overwhelmingly high spirits. One great day, the 6th of August, 1870, lives in many memories. It was during the Western Tour—there was a *fête* at Powderham Park, South-West Devon, in the cause of some popular local charity—an Asylum for Idiots, I think. Adequately to describe Lockwood's proceedings on this day would require the pen of the author of '*Tom Jones*' and the pencil of the artist who composed the '*March to Finchley*.' For a long summer's day, unassisted and alone, he filled and refilled a tent, and again and again filled it, with audiences of country-folk, each of whom paid sixpence for admission, and each of whom went forth happy and uproarious to spread through the Park the fame of the man inside. To ask what Lockwood did is natural, but to answer is impossible. Among other things Heenan and Sayers were advertised as being within, but as the famous light-weight or his representative had

sprained an ankle, Lockwood alone had to personate both these heroes in fierce strife before crowds not undisposed, if displeased, to demand back their money. He succeeded in winning their rapturous applause. At stated intervals of time he would sally forth from his tent with huge strides and wild cries, making his way among the pleasure-seekers, inviting and commanding their attendance. Astute theatrical managers were present, for the legitimate drama was represented in the Park that very day; but the unanimous verdict alike of expert and bumpkin was that Lockwood was unsurpassable. Great curiosity as to who he was existed among the crowd, who heard with astonishment and incredulity that the man in the tent was 'a Cambridge scholar,' who was 'reading for the Bar.' It was, indeed, a stupendous effort. Mr. Richards, of Exeter, a gentleman known to many a lover of the stage, was present, and will I am afraid read with pain and disappointment so meagre an account of so great a performance.

It was when dining with Mr. Richards in London shortly after the Powderham Fête, that Lockwood had the good fortune to meet Mr.

W. H. Kendal, and so begin a friendship which was never to know cloud or abatement. An introduction to Mrs. Kendal soon followed, and through her Lockwood came to know his future brother-in-law, Maclaine of Lochbuie, who was already married to a daughter of Mrs. Salis Schwabe.

Some time, probably in the long vacation of 1872, Lockwood joined the Kendals in a provincial tour of some six weeks, beginning at Nottingham and extending to Hull. The bill consisted solely of 'My Uncle's Will,' and Lockwood's part was Barker. He played, as he had done during the two amateur trips, under the name of Daniel Macpherson. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal speak very warmly of Lockwood's promise as an actor, dwelling particularly upon his humoristic apprehension of his part; but their affection for him was so great, and their delight in his society so rapturous, as to make any hostile criticism on their part of D. Macpherson out of the question. With this one engagement begins and ends Lockwood's theatrical career. There are legends of his appearing on the boards of Drury Lane and

Covent Garden in divers small parts, but I am told, by those most likely to know, that these legends have no warranty. Certainly, at no time did he propose to become an actor, a profession for which he was fond of saying he was far too big. But his affection for the stage and all things theatrical endured to the end.

To return to Lockwood's more sober mistress, the law, he would appear in the first instance to have meditated devoting his expansive energy to equity drafting, for he became a pupil of Mr. Dauney, in whose chambers he spent many pleasant hours, and where he acquired a familiarity with equitable terms which enabled him, when he crossed over to the Temple, to make merry with his new friends. Mr. G. G. Kennedy (now the police magistrate), with whom, shortly after his call to the Bar, Lockwood shared a room in Dr. Johnson's Buildings, writes: 'He was a delightful companion, and often used to beguile the weary time of waiting for work by anecdotes, sketches, and mimicry of various characters. There was a standing desk in the room to which, when times were dull, he would

spring, and taking a copy of the Law Reports, would select one of those Chancery head-notes which are the despair of the common law tyro, and solemnly expound it. I can well remember being kept in fits of laughter for nearly twenty minutes while he enlarged on the wickedness of an executor *de son tort* venturing to interfere with the marshalling of assets.'

Whilst reading with Mr. Dauney, Lockwood lived in lodgings in Cambridge Terrace with his old friends Jardine and James. Subsequently, he lodged with Edmund Byrom in Thanet Place, Strand, and many a merry tale he used to tell of his visits to the Temple Discussion Forum at the 'Green Dragon' in Fleet Street—of his spirited intervention in the debates, of the demeanour of the two leaders of the Constitutional and Radical parties—the one a broken down Oxford man (he is always an Oxford man), a great but very thirsty Grecian, and pious in his cups, the other an Irishman, witty as Curran, eloquent as Sheil, drunken as Wolfe Tone, and the proprietor of a brogue so artistically perfect as to suggest a domicile of origin not a hundred miles from Covent Garden.

Both these far-seeing men, divided though they were in their political sentiments, had an eye for Lockwood, and foretold for him a brilliant career at the Bar and in the Senate; but as they likewise borrowed too many of his scanty shillings, he had at last to cease attending the scene of their oratorical triumphs.

In 1871 Lockwood was reading in the chambers of Mr. J. W. Mellor (afterwards Chairman of Committees) in Dr. Johnson's Buildings, where, as usual, he made friends who accompanied him through life. He took a set of living chambers in Clement's Inn where he remained until his marriage.

In his lecture on the Law and Lawyers of Pickwick, he thus speaks of this lofty lodging:

'I once lived myself in Clement's Inn, and heard the chimes go too, and I remember one day I sat in my little room very near the sky (I do not know why it is that poverty always gets as near the sky as possible; but I should think it is because the general idea is that there is more sympathy in heaven than elsewhere), and as I sat there a knock came at

the door, and the head of the porter of Clement's Inn presented itself to me. It was the 1st of January, and he gravely gave me an orange and a lemon. He had a basketful on his arm. I asked for some explanation. The only information forthcoming was that from time immemorial every tenant on New Year's Day was presented with an orange and a lemon, and that every tenant was expected to give half a crown to the porter. Further inquiries from the steward gave me this explanation, that in old days, when the river was not used merely as a sewer, the fruit was brought up in barges and boats to the steps from below the bridge, and carried by porters through the inn to Clare Market. Toll was at first charged, and this toll was divided among the tenants whose convenience was interfered with; hence the old lines beginning, "Oranges and lemons, said the bells of St. Clement's." I often wondered whether the rest of the old catch had reason as well as rhyme.'

The following letter, which has everything a letter need have except the date, was probably written in the early part of 1871.

Mr. Bayley is an old Cambridge friend, and was in 1871 curate of Swinton, near Manchester.

‘ My dear Bayley,—The above will show you the reasons preventing my seeing you this time. I have only been at home four days, and return to-morrow ; had I not had engagements yesterday and to-day I should certainly have come over to Swinton. As it is, I must drop the silent, though heart-rending *tear*, and *tear* myself away. (When you have done laughing at this tremendous joke you can “please turn over”) (quotation from “complete letter writer ”).

‘ You see, old man, there is, so to speak, a crisis in national matters, foreign aspects are very caerulean. I feel that I have absented myself already too long from head-quarters. Three times during the last week has the Lord Chancellor said, “ Where the —— is that Lockwood ? ”

‘ Thus am I awaited in Downing Street. I suppose Mac would tell you that I donned the sock and buskin for awhile, and so to speak trod my little stage. In a pecuniary point of view the stage is not remunerative.



My dear Bayly

The above will show you
the reason presenting my seeing you
this time, I have only been at
home four days, and return to
Innsway, had I not had engagements
yesterday, and to day I should
certainly have come over to
Kirton, as it is I must drop
the silent, though heart rending
tear, and tear myself away.

(When you have done laughing
at this tremendous joke you can
"Please turn over")
(Insitation from "Complete Letter Writer")

You see old man there is so to speak a mess in national matters, foreign aspects are very crucial. I feel that I have absented myself already too long from head quarters. Three times during the last week has the Lord Chancellor said, "There the — is that Lockwood!"



There am I awaiting in Downing St. I suppose Mac would tell you that I donned the stock, and buckled for awhile, and do to speak broad on my little stage. In a pecuniary point of view the

Haze is not remunerative



This style of thing at
1/- a night, does
not pay for the
eyebrows. I
suppose we shall
see your partner

old phiz at the Boat race
until then hados.

Your friend

Frank Lockwood -

Oh 'spare Oh 'spare table, see
direction of your letter -

Covent Garden in divers small parts, but I am told, by those most likely to know, that these legends have no warranty. Certainly, at no time did he propose to become an actor, a profession for which he was fond of saying he was far too big. But his affection for the stage and all things theatrical endured to the end.

To return to Lockwood's more sober mistress, the law, he would appear in the first instance to have meditated devoting his expansive energy to equity drafting, for he became a pupil of Mr. Dauney, in whose chambers he spent many pleasant hours, and where he acquired a familiarity with equitable terms which enabled him, when he crossed over to the Temple, to make merry with his new friends. Mr. G. G. Kennedy (now the police magistrate), with whom, shortly after his call to the Bar, Lockwood shared a room in Dr. Johnson's Buildings, writes: 'He was a delightful companion, and often used to beguile the weary time of waiting for work by anecdotes, sketches, and mimicry of various characters. There was a standing desk in the room to which, when times were dull, he would

spring, and taking a copy of the Law Reports, would select one of those Chancery head-notes which are the despair of the common law tyro, and solemnly expound it. I can well remember being kept in fits of laughter for nearly twenty minutes while he enlarged on the wickedness of an executor *de son tort* venturing to interfere with the marshalling of assets.'

Whilst reading with Mr. Dauney, Lockwood lived in lodgings in Cambridge Terrace with his old friends Jardine and James. Subsequently, he lodged with Edmund Byrom in Thanet Place, Strand, and many a merry tale he used to tell of his visits to the Temple Discussion Forum at the 'Green Dragon' in Fleet Street—of his spirited intervention in the debates, of the demeanour of the two leaders of the Constitutional and Radical parties—the one a broken down Oxford man (he is always an Oxford man), a great but very thirsty Grecian, and pious in his cups, the other an Irishman, witty as Curran, eloquent as Sheil, drunken as Wolfe Tone, and the proprietor of a brogue so artistically perfect as to suggest a domicile of origin not a hundred miles from Covent Garden.

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cery. That old Court had indeed but a few months to live, ere it was to be swallowed up in a brand new High Court of Justice, under the provisions of the Judicature Acts, 1873 and 1875 —those Punch and Judy-cature Acts, as old Mr. Glasse, of Lincoln's Inn, who had grown grey and rich under mountains of costly nonsense, used most unjustly to call them in consultation with his juniors. All has gone since Lockwood made his first joke at the Bar. The old Rolls Court where he made it, and where Sir William Grant used to sit and dispense well-considered justice in the choicest of English has gone ; the old Rolls House, which sheltered the learning and matured the port of the old Masters, has gone ; the old Rolls Chapel, where Butler preached the fifteen wisest sermons ever preached by mortal man, has gone ; and finally, as we have said, the old Court of Chancery has gone too. Men are we, and therefore prepared on the slightest provocation to

‘Moan the expense of many a vanished sight ;’

but nobody that I ever heard of has shed a tear over the old Court of Chancery. Lockwood’s joke has long survived both the old buildings

and the old Court, having been successfully transferred to the new structure on the south side of Lincoln's Inn, where it is still, term after term, repeated with chucklings and delight by those who are already initiated into the mysteries of briefs and consultations to those who are hoping soon so to be. Lockwood did not again appear in Chancery for some time. His second brief was in Bankruptcy—his third a prosecution at Hull. In his first year he made the satisfactory income of 120 guineas, and in the second year he made 265 guineas, nor did he ever know what it was to be rebuffed in his professional fortunes, which steadily grew and prospered. It is not for one who is but *causarum actor mediocris* to narrate his triumphs. He at once joined the old Midland Circuit and attended Sessions, one of the three traditional roads to success at the Bar, the other two being writing a book and miracle—though in some readings an attorney's daughter is disagreeably substituted for the book. He laboured at Bradford, Doncaster, Leeds, Sheffield, and Wakefield. Work at Sessions led to work at Assize, and in 1875 he held fifteen briefs at one Leeds assizes, and found himself in

possession of an income of 600 guineas, which in four more years' time was to become 2,000 guineas.

After Lockwood's death I read somewhere that he was a successful barrister by chance. Chance does indeed play a large part in the lives of most professional and parliamentary men; but as a matter of criticism, I am disposed to say that the particular success which Lockwood won in open competition at the Bar was almost the inevitable result of his natural endowments and character. Like the real hero of '*Evan Harrington*', '*the great Mel*', he had a Presence, and like Mrs. Mel, he had a Port. His manner was at once striking and engaging, nor was there in his mode of conducting a case any apparent indifference to the result, an offence seldom overlooked by the brief-giving fraternity. His jokes and quips had business in them, and never either diverted or delayed the course of what is called justice. His views of life were manly and familiar. He took up a case at the right end, and made it plain from the first what he was at. A jury had only to look at him to see that they had pleading before them a man who, though

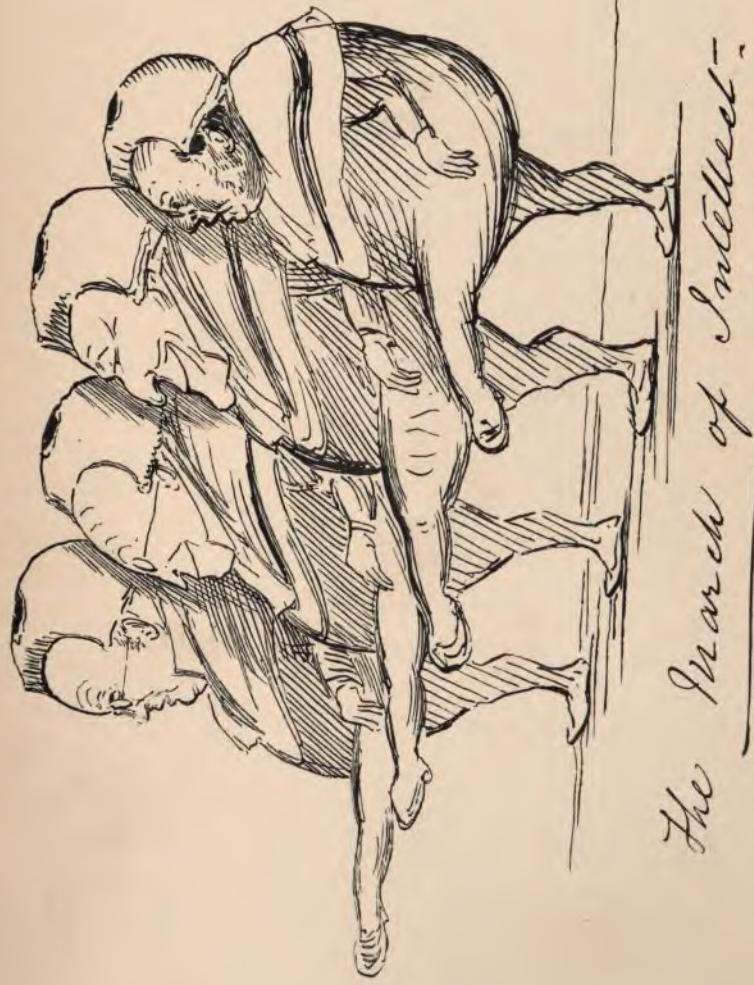
he did not expect too much of human nature, hated cruelty, fraud, and oppression, and would not willingly be a party to any mean or paltry chicanery. Though not a great speaker, being entirely without that ‘oratorical rush’ which is the true note of real eloquence, he was on occasions most impressive. In fine, he had a personality which attracted attention, and won both liking and confidence. Nor was there anything to detract from this. He had no vices, no bad habits, and his temper was equable; he was courageous in the expression and maintenance of his opinion, but at the same time respectful to authority. Furthermore, he was anxious to get on, not so much (in those early days) from ambition, as from the strong desire for independence. When you add to all this great social popularity, it is not too much to say that for such a man there is always a fortune to be made at the Bar of England.

It was during his first year at the Bar—the year 1872—that Lockwood began the habit of drawing in Court which stuck to him so persistently—in briefs and note-books, when he had briefs and note-books—on casual slips of paper,

even on the wood of the desks, rather than not at all. It was by no means an unlucky art. As a rule the less an aspirant after business in the Courts has to do with either Art or Literature, the better pleased his clerk will have reason to be with him. This is not due to any disrespect on the part of the Solicitors of the High Court for Art and Literature, but is attributable to quite other reasons. But Lockwood's agreeable art had its professional side. It was produced in the Courts for one thing, the fluttering about of his sketches gave *éclat* to the proceedings—the very judge himself has been known to insist upon their being handed up to him, as if they were documents in the case. All this greased the lumbering wheels of Justice, and gave Lockwood from the first a niche of his own.

The elder Judges, who had not grown accustomed to caricature, may have been divided in opinion as to the propriety of Lockwood's pencil, but the younger race has never failed to see the joke.

Mr. Mellor has kindly allowed the sketch entitled 'The March of Intellect' to be here reproduced. It is undoubtedly one of Lockwood's



The March of Intellect-

very best. As one needs to be quite an old fellow to remember this quartette of Judges, I may say that the most distant one is Sir Colin Blackburn (afterwards Lord Blackburn), a great case-lawyer; next comes the then Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn, one of the ablest and vainest of mortals; the third is Mr. Justice Mellor, one of the Tichborne Judges, and lastly, we notice the somewhat irascible features of Mr. Justice Quain. Mr. Mellor tells me that when he showed this sketch to his father, that eminent Judge was greatly delighted, and gleefully exhibited it to his colleagues. The Lord Chief Justice, who believed himself to be a judge of everything, pronounced it exceedingly clever; Mr. Justice Blackburn was willing to believe that people might exist who saw its humour, though he himself did not; Mr. Justice Quain declared the sketch to be both vulgar and impertinent.

The great Tichborne case, which began in the Common Pleas in June 1871, and lasted in one shape or another till February 1874, afforded Lockwood, in its earlier stages, when he had leisure, a fine subject for his humorous character

sketches. Nor were his labours altogether unprofitable. He would carry his sketches to a dealer in the Burlington Arcade, who, on behalf of some unknown collector, was always ready to give him a guinea or half a guinea per sketch. Could anything be more agreeable for a young barrister than this ? To sit in Court all day picking up hints as to the conduct of cases, rules of evidence, modes of cross-examination and so on, making two or three sketches of witnesses with marked features or odd manners, and then exchanging them the next morning for gold pieces ! Certainly the pencil is pleasanter than the pen. Years afterwards, when on a visit to Sandringham, the Prince of Wales, knowing Lockwood's interest in such things, caused him to be shown some volumes of sketches and caricatures, and there safely lodged in this Royal collection Lockwood discovered some of those old Tichborne drawings.

Those are happy days when you live by your wits in lofty lodgings. Mr. Mellor vouches for the following story, which, as it illustrates Lockwood's humour and has not gone the round of the newspapers, I will tell. It happened in

November, 1872. It is the ancient custom for the new Lord Mayor of London, attended by the Recorder and Sheriffs, to come into the Law Courts and be introduced to the Lord Chief Justice or, if he is not there, to the senior Judge to be found on the premises, and, after a little lecture from the Bench, to return good for evil by inviting the Judges to dinner, only to receive the somewhat chilling answer, 'Some of their Lordships will attend.' On this occasion the ceremony was over, and the Lord Mayor and his retinue was retiring from the Court, when his Lordship's eye rested on Lockwood, who in a new wig was one of the throng by the door. 'Ah, my young friend!' said the Lord Mayor in a pompous way (for in those days there was no London County Council to teach Lord Mayors humility), 'picking up a little law, I suppose?' Lockwood had his answer ready. With a profound bow he replied, 'I shall be delighted to accept your Lordship's hospitality. I think I heard your Lordship name seven as the hour.' The Lord Mayor hurried out of Court, and even the policeman (and to the police Lord Mayors are almost divine) shook with laughter.

The following letter is to Mrs. Atkinson :

' 1 Hare Court, Temple, E.C., London : September 18, '72.

' My dear Loo,—I trust it is well with yourself, John, and the childer. It is an off-day. We are resting on our legal oars after a prolonged and determined struggle yesterday. Know ! that near our native hamlet is the level of Hatfield Chase, whereon are numerous drains. Our drain (speaking from the Corporation of Hatfield Chase point of view) we have stopped, for our own purposes. Consequently, the adjacent lands have been flooded, are flooded, and will continue to be flooded. The landed gentry wish us to remove our dam, saying that if we don't they won't be worth a d——n. We answer that we don't care a d——n.

' This interesting case has been simmering in the law courts since 1820. The landed gentry got a verdict in their favour at the last Lincoln Assizes, but find themselves little the better, as we have appealed, and our dam still reigns triumphant. Yesterday an application was made to the Judge to order our dam to be removed. In the absence of Mellor, I donned

my forensic armour and did battle for the Corporation. After two hours' hard fighting we adjourned for a week; in the meantime the floods may rise, and the winds blow. The farmers yelled with rage when they heard that the dam had got a week's respite. I rather fancy that they will yell louder on Tuesday, as I hope to win another bloodless victory. It is a pretty wanton sport, the cream of the joke being that the dam is no good to us or to anybody else, and we have no real objection to urge against its removal, excepting that such a measure would be informal, and contrary to the law as laid down some hundred years ago by an old gentleman who never heard of a steam-engine, and who would have fainted at the sight of a telegraph post. As we have the most money on our side, I trust we shall win in the end. None of this useful substance, however, comes my way, as it is Mellor's work. But I hope to reap some advantage from it, both as to experience and introduction. I make no apology for troubling you with this long narration. I wish it to sink into your mind, and into that of your good husband. Let it be warning to you and yours.

And never by any chance become involved in any difficulties which will bring you into a court of law of higher jurisdiction than a police court. An occasional "drunk and disorderly" will do you no harm, and only cost you 5s. Beyond a little indulgence of this kind— Beware! In all probability I shall be in the North in a few weeks. Sessions commence next month. I will write to the Mum this week.

'With best love to all, I am,

'Your affectionate brother,

'FRANK LOCKWOOD.'

In the Summer Vacation of 1873 Lockwood was wise enough to fall in love with the lady he soon persuaded to become his wife. He owed his introduction to Miss Julia Salis Schwabe to his great friendship with the Kendals and the Maclaines.

The name of Mrs. Salis Schwabe is still treasured in Italy, a country which does not readily forget those who have loved her in the dark hour. Mrs. Salis Schwabe's devotion to the cause of United Italy and to the education of the people, her great schools at Naples, where, at

the present time, five hundred children are being educated, and other acts of kindness and of love, won for her the friendship and admiration of many distinguished Italians, and made her in her day a notable and a stirring figure. She carried with her an atmosphere of work. Secretaries and despatch-boxes followed in her train as if she had been a Minister of the Crown—and a very excellent Minister she would have made; better than many, at all events. Her husband, who had been engaged in business at Manchester, died in 1853, and left her in possession of an ample fortune which she managed both with prudence and generosity. Italy was not to Mrs. Salis Schwabe a Borrioboola-Gha, and her interest in her daughter's suitor was keen and real. But with Lockwood the course of true love was destined to run smooth. In Maclaine of Lochbuie and the Kendals he had fiery partisans who made their cause his own, and gave him the encouragement his emotional and at times despondent temperament urgently demanded. But, indeed, what could be alleged against him? As Johnson said of Reynolds, he was invulnerable—the most difficult of men to

abuse. There was nobody to suggest that he was not a fit and proper person to make a woman happy, and accordingly, in April, 1874, the two were betrothed, and on the 3rd of the following September married by the Bishop of Bangor at Llandegfan Church. Lockwood's brother Alfred was his best man; his old friends Byrom, Jardine, and Howard Smith were among his other supporters.

The only letter from Lockwood's mother that has come to my hands is the following:

‘Longsight Cottage, near Manchester : May 1.

‘My dear Miss Schwabe,—I hope you will not think me intrusive in sending you a few lines to express my very sincere good wishes upon your engagement to my dear Frank. I cannot tell you how much I rejoice in his happiness, and how thankful I feel at the prospect of his being united to one whom I am sure he loves with all his loving heart. He has ever been to us an affectionate, confiding and tender son, and that is the best assurance one can offer for his being equally so as a husband. In all his life he has never caused his father or me a real

heart-ache, and I look upon his dear love as one of my greatest earthly treasures. I write under great disadvantage through my not yet knowing you, but I hope you will allow me to say that I love you for loving my dear son. Trusting that we shall not very long remain strangers to one another,

'Believe me, dear Miss Schwabe,

'Yours very sincerely,

'JANE H. LOCKWOOD.'

It might be unbecoming and even hazardous to assert that barristers make good husbands, but that they generally have good wives is, I think, the case. If this be the rule, Lockwood was no exception. He followed the example set him by all busy professional men who have sensible wives, and allotted to his spouse, as no more than her fair share of the matrimonial concern, all the troubles and anxieties of domestic life, leaving to her the task of making the necessary arrangements and attending to all the details in a spirit of the completest confidence. From the first hours of his married life Lockwood bade all anxieties, save those connected with his work

and occasionally forebodings as to his health, an eternal farewell. A happier man in his home was not anywhere to be found—whether it was in 18 Kensington Gardens Square, or 26 Lennox Gardens, or Cober Hill made no difference. Where he was, was home. This, indeed, was one of his most enduring charms. One has heard of ‘joy abroad and grief at home.’ What a melancholy spectacle is that of the wit and diner-out, the brilliant after-dinner speaker, whose features grow grim and expression sour as he approaches his own door. The wife and children of such a man have no appetite for his jokes, no belief in his humour, no turn for his wit: they soon learn to hate his reputation, and smile disconsolately when congratulated upon it. But Lockwood’s home was the place he loved best, and where, when he was minded to be gay, he was the gayest. His two daughters need never go to others for the record of their father’s gifts; they have but to search their own memories and to look within their own hearts. Here may be printed some of Lockwood’s letters to his mother-in-law, a relationship which had no terrors for him.

' 1 Hare Court, Temple, London, E.C.: April 30.

' My dear Mrs. Schwabe,—Yesterday Julia gave me a very kind letter from you. . . . Its contents have made me very happy. As to the sincerity of my love for Julia I have no doubts. I feel certain that this love will urge me on to do my best in my profession. I know how uncertain a profession mine is for the first few years. I therefore fear to be over sanguine of ultimate success, or to hold forth promises of distinction which may never be realised; but I am sure of this, that no work shall be deemed by me too hard, and no application too great to do my best. . . .

' Yours affectionately,
' FRANK LOCKWOOD.'

' 1 Hare Court, Temple, London, E.C.: December 10, 1874.

' My dear Mother,—I fear you will have begun to think me very remiss and neglectful in not having ere now written to tell you how happy Julie and I are. I now begin to write to you, I hope, a long letter, and one that will cheer you up in your far distant residence. Although you are so far from England, the hearts that love

you so dearly never cool, and the often expressed wish whenever any of us are gathered together is that you were here amongst us to share our joys, and if necessary brighten our cares. I thank God that the last named are few with us ; our life is indeed a happy and joyous one, but I am sure both Julie and I pray that we may not be unmindful of the source of all our blessings, and have courage and strength to meet trouble should it be our lot. I have I can assure you not neglected my professional duties during the last few months. I always leave Clarges Street at 9.30, and return punctually at 6 p.m. We have had during the last two weeks our first separation since our marriage. I had to go to Sheffield and Bradford on Sessions, and last week to Leeds for Assizes. I am glad to be able to tell you that I got more work than I ever have done before, and have every reason to be satisfied with my success. This has, of course, compensated to some extent for the trouble it was to part from Julia. I only got back from Leeds last night. You may imagine how we both looked forward to our meeting, and what a joyous one it was. On Saturday last I went over from Leeds to Man-

chester, where I stayed with my father until Monday morning. They all welcomed me very warmly, and wanted to know all about our meeting in Florence. You hold a very dear remembrance in the hearts of all at Longsight Cottage. My father and mother, and in fact all our little circle there, begged me to convey dearest love to you, to tell you how often they thought of you, and prayed with you that all your kind efforts in the cause of bettering humanity might be crowned with success. My father is quite proud of the little part he has undertaken in your good work, and only wishes that he could be of more service to you. But they, dear mother, with all of us, look forward to that happy time when you will be able to return and live amongst us. I do hope that you will return in January. I heard a very good sermon at the church my parents attend. You would have liked it, and oddly enough, as we were walking home from church my mother said, "I wish Mrs. Schwabe had heard that sermon." I said that it was the very thing I had been thinking. In the sermon the preacher (Mr. Tindall, the rector, a man of broad and liberal mind) referred to the scientific

research then about to take place with regard to the Transit of Venus, and in clear and well expressed language asserted that religion and science should walk hand in hand, and that our religion should be one of knowledge and intelligence, and not of dark, gloomy, and mysterious ignorance. I hope you will, when next at Long-sight Cottage, meet Mr. Tindall: I think you would like him. Have you read Martineau's lecture on religion from a material point of view? If not, we will send you one. I suppose you have read Gladstone's article on the Vatican decrees. It has created a great stir amongst Anglo-Catholics, and will, I think, do much good. Manning has, I believe, gone to Rome for the purpose of collecting materials for a crushing reply. My own idea is that Mr. Gladstone is not to be crushed so easily, especially when he has such a good case. I have heard nothing of Jardine since he left for India. I think he will do well there, and should not be surprised if he became a great man. After Christmas I am leaving my chambers in Hare Court, and am going into those of my friend Mr. Mellor. This will, I think, be a very good thing for me. He

is very anxious for me to ally myself with the Liberal party. But I hesitate to do that in a hurry which I afterwards may repent. I feel so certainly, sometimes painfully, that I am a mere tyro in the school of politics, and ought to know more of them and their bearing on humanity before declaring allegiance. Our politics seem to me to be so dependent upon party leaders. Why can't I be Liberal in my ideas, and still have the liberty not to agree with everything Mr. Gladstone says; or why can't I retain a spice of Conservatism about me, and yet not fall down and worship Mr. Disraeli? The reply I always get is that it is necessary for the well being of our State that we should be governed by the determinations of a party, and not the disagreements of individuals; that a true politician ought to sink any little personal feeling for the welfare of those he legislates for. With this proposition at present I cannot acquiesce, and so, knowing that these sentiments are the result of the thought and wisdom of men much more learned and experienced than myself, I feel that there is something wanting in my political education, and that I must live and learn. I intend to read

John Bright's speeches again. Have you not a great many letters from Mr. Cobden? I should like so much to read them when you return to town. Or if they are published I will get them. I have not seen Kate or Murray since I returned. I dined at their house before starting for Bradford. Murray very kindly asked a leading solicitor to meet me, and I think the introduction may do me much good. And now, my dearest mother, I must bring this long rigmarole to an end: pardon its length—my excuse must be my long silence. Julie sends her best love, in which I join.

‘Believe me, ever your affectionate son-in-law,
‘FRANK LOCKWOOD.’

‘18 Kensington Gardens Square, Bayswater, W.:
‘December 27, 1876.

‘My dear Mother,—Your kind letter was forwarded to me at Leeds, where I have been very busy. I returned on Saturday, with a large amount of money wrung from the criminal classes. I am glad to say that my business is increasing rapidly. I have made this year over 1,100*l.*, last year I made 600*l.*,

and the year before 300*l.* I am glad to say that dear Julia and the baby are well. Fred and Fanny came to us on Friday. I found them at No. 18 on my return from the North. I am sorry to say that the beautiful presents from Naples did not arrive until yesterday, but everything was in capital condition. Julia and Louisa spent the afternoon in making up the different parcels, which were at once despatched. On Christmas Eve we had a dinner party. It consisted of the Lord Justice and Lady James, Willy James, Mr. and Mrs. Grimston, George and Mary, Fred and Fanny, Molly Kate, and Murray, and ourselves. Everything went off very well, and you only were wanting. I wish also that Arthur and Edmund had been there. Your letter was read and received with applause. In the midst of our Christmas joy I am sure our hearts were with you. For though our weather is very cold, I trust that we shall always keep a warm spot within for those we love. It seems strange to think of you spending your Christmas in what seems to us such an un-Christmas climate. But I think after all that you have more truly interpreted than most of us what

God means by peace on earth and good-will towards men. Julia was very anxious for me to respond to your verses in a like strain. I am only sorry that I can't. My Pegasus won't move a peg. And my powers of composition are limited to those soul-inspiring effusions which commence with "Gentlemen of the Jury."

'I return to Leeds on Sunday night for Sessions. I expect to be away for a week. I am desired to send heaps of love to you, and for ourselves I send many thanks for your kind presents; the others will, I presume, write to thank you for themselves. I wish you much happiness during 1877. You must excuse this short note, but I am writing at chambers. I have been interrupted about twenty times during the writing, and now I have no more time to say more.

'With best love, I am your affectionate son,
'FRANK.'

Thackeray says somewhere that had he been a mother of daughters he would gladly have seen them married to men of the stamp of Sir Walter

Scott's heroes; for my part, on a similar hypothesis, I should prefer to have had Frank Lockwood as a son-in-law to any of the Edwards, Henries, and Franks to be found in the whole series of the Waverley Novels.

CHAPTER V

AT THE BAR AND IN POLITICS

THE life of a busy barrister who goes circuit, defends prisoners and gets damages out of juries, though crowded with incidents and full of excitement and even emotion, hardly admits of being told by a biographer. Lockwood greatly enjoyed these years of his life. His business grew both in London and on circuit, where his fame extended from Leeds even unto Durham. He had if not every kind of work a great deal of many kinds. The Bar is a big as well as an open profession, and finds room within its ample boundaries for all sorts of men, and for very diverse talents. It is very often an accident that determines what a man's line of business is to be, but in Lockwood's case, as I have already observed, this was hardly so. You may sometimes notice among leading members of the profession a disposition to be a little scornful of each other's lines. Thus, those

who are taken in to argle-bargle points of law before three Judges, or who are always appearing in full-bottomed wigs at the bar of the House of Lords, or are to be seen in Downing Street before the Privy Council, will curve a contumelious lip at the triumphs of the crowded assize court packed full of hot provincials ; on the other hand, the heroes of the populace, who are supposed to hold juries in the hollow of their hands, have been heard to sniff contemptuously at mere black-letter lawyers. No need for us to take part in these controversies. ‘Be not intimate with any woman,’ says the excellent À Kempis, ‘but commend all good women generally to God.’ Surely we may do the same with the rival practitioners at the Bar.

In 1877 Lockwood was engaged at the Central Criminal Court for the defence in the case of *Regina v. Swindlehurst*, which I only mention because it was perhaps the first great case he was employed in. One of his note-books is enriched with an admirable sketch of Charles Bowen, afterwards Lord Bowen, who was one of the Crown counsel. Two years later, when in large practice, he was asked by Mr. Justice Lopes

(now Lord Ludlow) to undertake the defence of one Charles Peace, an unsavoury reprobate who was tried at Leeds in February 1879 for the murder of Mr. Arthur Dyson at Banner Cross. The Newgate Calendar has gone out of fashion (there has been no new edition since 1818), and unless a murderer is of sufficient repute to find a place, as some have already done, in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' he stands a poor chance of what is called immortality. Yet men are still to be found up and down the country who, if the talk after dinner should turn on murders, can draw upon the table-cloth a ground plan of the farmhouse where Mr. Rush committed his crimes. At the time, at all events, it seemed as if Peace belonged to the great race of murderers whose infamy is as safe as Chatham's fame. Happily it has proved otherwise. The trial was, as trials on capital charges are apt to be, a strange mixture of the awful and the squalid. It is hard to be dignified in the dock, even though your state be kingly. The newspapers were full of the trial, but of the verdict there could be no doubt, and Peace was led to doom.

From the worst of criminals, the best and bravest of us may often learn how to die. This detestable miscreant, once sentence was passed upon him, behaved with much decorum, and sent from his cell a special message to his advocate thanking him for his exertions, and at the same time begging his acceptance of the ring which accompanied the message. Peace added that the ring was one he had been in the habit of wearing for years. It was, indeed, a most evil-looking thing, and made as it was of the basest of the metals and of massive structure, bore a suspicious resemblance to what is called 'a knuckle-duster.' Lockwood, however, was much pleased, and said he had never had anything one-half so handsome given him before; but when he brought it home the Domestic Authority (very properly) would have none of it, and refused it shelter even for a night. It was taken in somewhere, but what has come of it I cannot say:

'Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.'

Not long after the trial, at a cricket tea party in Caius, Lockwood was congratulated on his defence of 'Peace with Honour.' He accepted

the compliment, but added that it was not 'Peace at any price,' for his pleading had been unfee'd. Such are the jokes of the profession. If they need an apology I tender it. Despite his jesting and the overwhelming evidence, Lockwood felt the responsibility of Peace's case a very heavy one, nor did he ever learn to take his business lightly.

Lockwood's gifts naturally secured him a fair share of Parliamentary Election Petition work, and in 1880 he appeared for the respondents as a junior both in the Gravesend and the Salisbury election cases, and in the following year and also as a junior for the respondents in the Kidderminster case. Amusing as such proceedings occasionally are, they always fall lamentably short of 'the true Dickens,' and are therefore best left alone.

In 1882 Lockwood whilst still in stuff defended with remarkable courage, and from a forensic point of view with great success, a woman who stood her trial at Leeds in February of that year on the charge of having murdered her master, an aged artist of mercurial temperament, easy morals, and strange habits. That the

prisoner did put arsenic into the fowl which she prepared as the dinner both of the artist and herself could not profitably be disputed, and the courage of Lockwood's defence consisted, to the consternation of his client, in the fact that he admitted she had done so, and put the whole energy of his advocacy into the attempt to make out that it was done with no murderous intent, but with the wish to embroil her employer, whose wife she hoped to become, with another woman who conceived she had a prior claim upon him. The defence succeeded to the extent that the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. As the woman was sentenced to penal servitude for life she may not have been full of gratitude, but from the artistic point of view it was a great achievement, and attracted a good deal of notice. The '*Spectator*,' a paper always fond of murder cases, since they enable its high-minded writers both 'to see life' and to pry into the recesses of human nature, had a very interesting 'leader' on what it called 'a clever defence,' which (it said) would be long remembered by lawyers.

In December, 1882, Lockwood, having been called to the Bar not quite eleven years, was

appointed to the rank of Queen's Counsel, his patent of precedence taking rank immediately after that of his great friend, constant and most trusted companion, Robert Reid. He was strongly urged to take this important step by that sound lawyer and shrewd counsellor, the late Mr. Justice Cave, whose elevation to the Bench just at this time liberated a great deal of business on the North-Eastern Circuit. Lockwood's good fortune did not desert him, and he at once stepped into a large leading practice. I do not know whether it is odd or not, but Lockwood, though he looked the very image of a man 'of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows,' was never self-confident, but to the end was always nervous about his work, and apt to think it might leave him. To his friends it seemed as if briefs found him out just as water seeks its own level, but he never was conscious of any such pleasing necessity.

In a letter to his wife dated the 29th of January, 1882, Lockwood gives us a glimpse of 'high jinks' on circuit. 'Our Grand Circuit Court came off on Friday night, and was, I think, a success. I chose as the subject of my speech as Attorney-

General a prize-fight between Digby Seymour and Waddy. I brought in a great many of the men, all the Q.C.'s as trainers, publicans, newspaper reporters, touts, pugilists, and in other interesting characters. The Circuit was pleased to express great approval of my efforts. Digby Seymour as Solicitor-General went in for a more lofty theme—the gods of Olympus. He had written out a pantomime which he read. I think he lost something in not reciting, but it was very good and much appreciated. The Circuit then, being in high good-humour, proceeded to try Forbes, for that he indecently opened the commission at York in a small bar wig and not in the full-bottomed wig of a Q.C. Forbes was also charged for falsely and fraudulently procuring himself to be styled his Lordship in various newspapers. I as Attorney-General prosecuted, and Potter, Q.C., defended. Wills as leader presided, and a jury was sworn. The defence of insanity was set up on Forbes's behalf, but miserably failed, as it was proved beyond a doubt he was always alive to his own interests. Of course he was found guilty and consequently fined, and so, I regret to say, were all others

connected with the case.' The time-honoured jesting of Circuit messes is said to be seriously imperilled by new regulations and an unavoidable change of habits. If it dies out it will be a pity. It has hitherto managed to escape the curse of the newspaper paragraph, which must eventually destroy all real merriment among the sons of men.

The thoughts of prosperous barristers not unfrequently lightly turn to the House of Commons, and in November 1879 Lockwood was accepted as the second candidate in the Liberal interest for the ancient borough of King's Lynn, then still unshorn of its double representation; Sir William Ffolkes of Hillingdon being the senior and local champion. Lockwood's Liberalism, like everything else about him, was genuine, and if unstudied, quite unaffected. He had seen his father, for whose judgment he had great respect, a warm supporter of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright in their famous Corn-Law agitation—a real thought-movement, carrying with it the charm and educational value which belong as of right to all thought-movements. In these vulgar days it is deemed an

offence against taste to use the words middle-class except as a term of abuse, but fifty years ago there was a large body of men and women who were well content neither to ape the habits of the landed gentry nor to feed the vanity of the working-man. These good people believed themselves to be sound Liberals and true reformers, and perhaps no better type of their Liberalism can be found than that which animates many of the pages of Charles Dickens—a man who deserves well of his country for other things as well as for being the most laughter-provoking writer of his time. This was the school of Liberalism in which Lockwood was brought up, a sober, sensible school ; and if civil and religious liberty, anti-slavery, open ports, cheap food, national education, hatred of jobbery, of corruption, of circumlocution and of extravagance are not ‘ideas’ but only ‘middle-class notions,’ happy was the middle-class that had such notions, and happy the country that had such a middle-class. Lockwood approached King’s Lynn with a light heart, and took the place by storm. His oratory, animated and good-humoured, always quick to grasp a situation, and absorbent as a sponge of

local humours and idiosyncrasies, mightily tickled a small borough in full cry after a contest. The Tory candidates were the sitting members, the Hon. Robert Bourke (afterwards Lord Connemara), and Lord Claud Hamilton. The humours of the fight, even as they lie embedded in old newspapers, are still recognisable by a judicious and well-trained eye, but to disinter them would be unwise. The personalities—for there were personalities—had no bitterness in them. When Lord Claud Hamilton said Lockwood was fit for nothing but to defend prisoners, and when Lockwood retorted he should be very sorry to have to defend Lord Claud, neither candidate was telling the truth. The electors of Lynn, and after all we must not forget the electors, had no cause for complaint. They enjoyed themselves, and when their turn came with a fine impartiality they exercised their franchises as follows :

Sir William Ffolkes	1,296
The Hon. R. Bourke	1,257
Lord Claud J. Hamilton	1,192
Frank Lockwood, Esq.	1,151

As a specimen of Lockwood's electioneering oratory well worth reprinting, I give the following

extract, and do not believe it could be improved upon :

' And now, gentlemen, having done with the serious part of the business, let us try and have a little amusement before we part. I have no doubt at the other place I have referred to (the Theatre) there is plenty of amusement. There is the Hon. Robert Bourke as heavy tragedian, and Lord Claud Hamilton as the walking gentleman. I say I have no doubt they have plenty of amusement there, and so I think we may as well have a little. Now after walking about this town for nearly three weeks and talking about the election, you must not be surprised that at last I got to dreaming, and I want to tell you what I dreamt. Gentlemen, I dreamt I was walking near this town, going out of it, I think I was, by Highgate, and there were crowds of people all going the same way. We all seemed to be going to one place, and as I walked along I asked where we were going to, and the person whom I asked said, "Don't you know?" "No," said I. "Why," he said, "this is the great Lynn Borough steeplechase day!" "Oh," said I, "I didn't know that." "Then," he said,

"you had better come along," and I went. We passed through Highgate until we got to what must have been, I suppose, Fiddaman's field. There was an enormous crowd of people there, and I could hear the men calling out betting, and saw Sir Lewis Jarvis there with a yellow hat on, surrounded by his large and intellectual family in yellow pinafores. [Laughter.] He had a belt round his waist full of half-crowns which he was jingling, and he was calling out "5 to one bar 2 : I'll back the Irishmen." [Renewed laughter.] Well, you know, I didn't know what this meant; but about this time I saw a gentleman running about selling "correct cards." I looked at him and saw it was my old friend, Mr. Thew. There he was, looking as usual, very fierce about the face and very mild about the legs [roars of laughter], running about selling these cards at twopence apiece. Well, I looked at him, and I said, "I should think this better work, Mr. Thew, than selling the political pop-gun." [More laughter.] He was very angry, and he said, "You'd better buy a card if you want one," so I purchased one and he went off. Upon looking at the card I saw there were four

starters, and the first was Mr. Bourke's Afghan, by Foreign Policy out of Gunpowder ; the second was Sir William Ffolkes's Baronet, by True Blue out of Hillington ; the next, Lord Claud Hamilton's Hopeless Colt, by Brandy and Soda out of Londonderry ; and the next was Mr. Lockwood's Political Fledgling, by Lawyer out of Place. [Laughter.] And now I looked for the colours—I dreamt all this, you know—I thought Lord Claud was yellow—very yellow ; Mr. Bourke was orange ; and I thought my friend Sir William Ffolkes was a light blue, and that I was a dark one. Well, just at this moment I happened to turn round, and I saw our worthy friend the chairman with his hands shading his eyes, and smoking a cigar. “I say, Mr. Holditch,” I said, “so you have come down.” “Yes, I’ve seen a good many of ‘em,” he said. “Well, I should be very glad if you would point out the horses to me.” “With pleasure,” was his answer, and just at that moment they were leading Afghan out. Mr. Holditch looked at him and said, “Yes ; but he carries too much weight.” “How’s that—where is the weight ?” I asked. “Oh,” said he, “it’s the weight of self import-

ance." [Roars of laughter.] And at that moment out they brought Baronet. "Well," I said, "he looks a good 'un." "Yes," said friend Holditch, "he may be little, but he's very good." [Cheers.] "Well," I said, "what makes him such a favourite with the people?" "Don't you know?" he asked; "he was bred in these parts." [Cheers.] "Who's that good-looking man leading him and holding the bridle?" "What! don't you know?" he said; "that's Seppings." [Renewed laughter.] At that moment with a flourish and a kick out came the Hopeless Colt, and just as he was passing Baronet he let fly with his heels and nearly knocked off Mr. Seppings's hat. I said, "He doesn't seem to like Seppings." "No, he doesn't," answered Mr. Holditch. Then came out Political Fledgling. I looked at him and said, "Well, he's a big 'un," and Mr. Holditch said, "Yes; well he's rather long in the legs, I must own." [Laughter.] By this time the horses were got to the post, and before I could say any more they were all off, and Afghan at once went to the front. The first fence was marked "Vaccination," and they all shied at that. However, they all managed to get over, and they went

along together till I saw a tall man with a white beard who called out to Afghan, "Come here; here's a short cut through the oil mill." [Much laughter.] In went Afghan and in went Hopeless Colt, and up came Baronet and Political Fledgling, but he shut the doors in their faces. But they did not care about that, and went round, and I saw that when they came out on the other side they were just in the same position as before. Now they were coming down the turn into the straight, and they got up to a big fence marked "Foreign Policy." Afghan at once showed to the front like a man, and he went at it with such a plunge that in going through the fence he knocked it down, and all the others went through without any difficulty. There was now only one jump left, and that, I thought, was a large water jump, labelled "Fishery Orders" [cheers], and on each side there were a lot of fishermen. As they came up, Hopeless Colt turned right round and went in another direction. Baronet was first over, then Afghan, and then Political Fledgling, and they then went straight for home. As they came for the last time into the straight I could hear the people shout, and I saw that Afghan was done.

Baronet went clear ahead; Afghan and Political Fledgling going neck and neck after him. I saw Sir Lewis Jarvis's yellow hat go into his pocket. I heard a tremendous cry going up over the whole course, and I said, "Who's first?" and was answered, "Baronet's won." [Cheers.] And then I said, "Who's second?" Gentlemen, that is the question you will answer next Thursday. [Loud and long-continued laughter.]'

From such a passage as this it is possible to perceive how real, if special, a literary gift was at Lockwood's disposal. Many of his speeches were as good, but their occasions being usually familiar, no satisfactory record of them exists. Another instance of his verbal felicity is to be found in the very brief writings attached by way of letterpress to his caricatures. These are all one could wish, and yet, perhaps, nowhere is the path of the writer more beset with every variety of danger.

A defeated parliamentary candidate is supposed to wear a widower's weeds for the constituency that rejected him for a decent period ere he woos another. It is not, therefore, surprising to find Lockwood, in January 1883, contra-

dicting a newspaper report that he was going to stand for Sunderland as a Tory. He telegraphed, 'I am Liberal candidate for King's Lynn.' Nevertheless, by November he felt at liberty to accept the invitation of the Liberals of York to become their candidate at the bye-election which was rendered necessary by the death of Mr. J. J. Leeman. Lockwood, who was a Yorkshireman in every bone of his body, hugely appreciated the honour, an honour to which he declared 'he had never in his wildest hours looked forward.' His opponent was Sir Frederick Milner. The tussle was severe and animated, and in the result Sir Frederick was returned by 21, the figures being—

Milner	3,948
Lockwood	3,927

The only historical interest such contests possess lies in the light they sometimes cast on the development of politics. In 1883 the question of Irish Home Rule was beginning to assert itself, and men were to be found, particularly in the North of England and in those places where the Irish vote was not insignificant, who declared themselves willing (reckless fellows, they were

thought), to vote for an inquiry into the question. But others there were who shuddered at the bare notion. Mr. Butt's motion was not 'respectable politics.' The Irish vote in York was worth having, and Lockwood got it. But how did he get it? He declined emphatically to vote for Home Rule, or even for an inquiry into Home Rule, and as for the Crimes Act he refused to vote for its repeal until the Government was satisfied its provisions were no longer necessary. How then did he get the Irish vote? By the declaration that he would grant to Ireland the same parliamentary franchise, the same local institutions as existed or were to exist in Great Britain. Bye-elections sometimes attract the attention even of the sublime intelligences that are supposed to control the course of politics, and Lord Salisbury seems to have heard of this York election. Indeed, he could hardly help hearing of it, for it so happened he was required to speak in London at a meeting of the City Carlton Club—a body of enthusiasts upon whom the news of a successful bye-election works marvels—the very evening the poll at York had been declared. In the course

of his speech Lord Salisbury referred to Lockwood as having purchased the solid Irish vote at York by selling the integrity of his country. An alarming transaction to be engaged in! Lockwood, much horrified, demurred, and a correspondence arose which may be found in the 'Times' for the 30th of November, 1883. Lord Salisbury's second letter contains the following passages still of interest:

' You say you never promised Home Rule : that may be so ; I never said you did. But you promised what they know perfectly well must lead to Home Rule, and what at this moment it is their principal endeavour to obtain. You not only proposed household suffrage in the Irish counties, but you also promised to grant to Ireland everything you would grant to England. This will include a plan of elective local government as extensive as that to be proposed for England—a measure involving that more extended self-government which Lord Hartington has denounced as madness.'

Let us now proceed to take the account. On the one side is Lockwood, a tyro in politics, but an honest man. In November 1883 he

refuses to vote for an inquiry into Home Rule, and yet in June 1886 he was to vote for the second reading of a Home Rule Bill, the provisions of which went far beyond what was dreamt of in Isaac Butt's philosophy. On the other side is Lord Salisbury, a man nurtured in statecraft, the accomplished though cloistered leader of a great party, writing on the 27th of November, 1883, the letter from which I have just quoted, and on the 7th of October, 1885, making the famous Newport speech, in which he declared 'that the first principle on which we have always gone is to extend to Ireland, so far as we can, all the institutions in this country.'

'There is nothing,' observes Mr. Disraeli in the most fascinating of political biographies, 'in which the power of circumstance is more evident than in politics.'

The fact that politics in this country are not gravely studied, but simply pursued, is robbed of its terror by the reflection that the few who have studied politics have never, on critical occasions, exhibited any more (if as much) sagacity or insight into the heart of things than those who have merely pursued them.

M 70 U

In October 1884 Lockwood was appointed Recorder of Sheffield, upon the elevation of Sir Alfred Wills to the Bench. He made a dignified and an able magistrate. Humanity tempered his every thought, sound sense controlled his entire judgment. He was completely master in his own Court, whilst his pleasant humour, kindly expression, and genial knowledge of the ways of the race of man secured for him the approbation of all law-abiding citizens, irrespective of class. He was a light sentence judge. He could hardly imagine, he once said from the Bench, 'any circumstances in connection with the stealing of a shawl which would justify any bench of magistrates in taking seven years off a man's life.' Brutal judges are usually unimaginative men, who dole out sentences of slavery as if they were selling tape by the yard. Active as always was Lockwood's imagination, he was also a man of great self-control, and the only cases that really tried his judicial temper were those of cruelty to children. Even in the streets the sight of an indifferent and it may well be over-tired nurse, tugging viciously at the arm of a fretful child, was always too much

for his equanimity, and never failed to excite not merely his disgust but his active intervention.

In 1884 Lockwood and his close friend and brother-in-arms, Alfred Pease, were chosen joint candidates for York, and in November 1885, during the General Election, they issued their address to the free and independent electors of that famous city. This time Lockwood was to win. The contest was a fierce and even memorable one. The figures were as follows :

Pease	5,853
Lockwood	5,260
Milner	4,590
Legard	4,377

It is not always easy, I have been told, to work harmoniously with a colleague of the same way of thinking in the joint representation of a single constituency. Pease and Lockwood never found any difficulty, and were as devoted to one another as brothers ought to be. 'It was a shame,' to employ the language of the sentimental housemaid in 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,' though in this I can hardly expect my friend, Mr. Butcher, to agree with me, 'It was a

shame to part them.' But the time has not yet come to talk of partings. Thus did Lockwood, in November 1885, become Member for York, and Member for York he was to remain during the too brief residue of his days.

CHAPTER VI

THE FULL TIDE OF LIFE

THE short Parliament of 1885 had a pathetic history. It was composed of 334 Liberals, 250 Conservatives, and 86 Irish Nationalists, and contained (I believe) an unusual number of new and youthful members. Many of these members on the Liberal side came flocking to St. Stephen's full of the new wine of that Radicalism which had been preached up and down the country, in a series of speeches delivered in the chief centres of population with an almost apostolic fervour by Mr. Chamberlain, then the risen hope of the unbending Liberalism of the newly-enfranchised elector. Mention had been made during the contest which was waged with fury in the English counties of labourers flying from the soil, and of the much-needed restoration of these disinherited sons of Adam to their Mother Earth. Ardent souls, not a few, believed that this

work of restoration was going to be the great business of the Parliament of 1885. There were many dinner-parties and much discussion ; hopes were high and young ambitions began to bud. Lord Salisbury's Government remained in office to meet their *coup de grâce* in the lobbies. The blow was struck on the 21st of January, 1886, when Mr. Jesse Collings carried an amendment to the Address, regretting that nothing had been said in the speech from the throne about allotments and small holdings. The gospel of three acres and a cow was surely about to be preached, not merely on village greens and where three roads meet, but from the Treasury Bench. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, and Mr. Chamberlain President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Chaplin was visibly uneasy, and decidedly unpleasant remarks were made in the House about the unauthorised programme. It was an exciting time.

' You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
" Go," cried the mayor, " and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! "—when suddenly, up the face
Of the piper perked in the market-place,
With a, " First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! "

All politicians know the pied piper. So, too, does the British taxpayer. Ireland blocks the way. I need not pursue the history further. On the 8th of April Mr. Gladstone made his famous first speech on Home Rule, and on the 7th of the following June the Bill he had obtained leave to introduce was refused a second reading, the votes being—for 313, against 343. This vote scattered the Liberal party, and sent the Land Restorers frisking and whisking off the parliamentary stage like so many gaily-beribboned peasants in an opéra-bouffe at the Folies Bergères. It was a great dispersion.

Lockwood voted on the 7th of June in the minority. He did not do so without misgivings. He disliked the proposed exclusion of Ireland from the Imperial Parliament. Speaking at York in May 1886, he had said: ‘I gather from the observations of the Prime Minister in his manifesto that he looked to the second reading more as a confirmation of the great principle than as a vote by which I should tie myself down to the acceptance or rejection of any particular detail. I am bound to say, with regard to the presence of Irish members in the House of Commons, I hope

Mr. Gladstone will be able to accept an amendment permitting them to remain. I remember saying in one of the first speeches on Home Rule I ever made in York, that to my mind it was necessary for the full acceptance of the Irish view by the English people that the Irish representatives should take their places in the House of Commons. Supposing an amendment of this kind were to be made, I think there can be no doubt that we shall have in the carrying of the measure the co-operation of Mr. Chamberlain. I earnestly hope this may be the case, but I am not good at prophecy.'

A General Election followed, and Lockwood and his trusty colleague were again returned, but by a slightly decreased majority. The figures were :

Pease	4,816
Lockwood	4,810
Legard	4,352
Dundas	4,295

The new Parliament contained 395 Anti-Home Rulers and only 275 Home Rulers, so that once more Lord Salisbury reigned in Downing Street.

This Parliament may, I think, be called the

Uncomfortable Parliament, for although the exacerbation of feeling between the Liberal Unionists, then a novel creation, and the Gladstonian Liberals was very great, the former insisted (not unnaturally), so shy were they of their new associates and so fearful of being mistaken for Tories, upon sitting cheek by jowl with and rubbing shoulders against their old comrades. Juxtaposition intensifies feeling, whether of love or hate. Nor was it a seemly thing to see men who had been together in cabinets sitting with half-averted faces, and edging one another off the same front bench, like quarrelsome schoolboys spoiling for a fight. Lockwood, who had no rancour in his constitution, felt this juxtaposition less than most people, but it was decidedly uncomfortable whilst it lasted, which it did all through this Parliament.

The House of Commons is a queer place, and hard to describe. Lockwood sat in it for twelve years, and was undoubtedly long before his death one of its prominent figures. He came to be known all over the country as the Member for York. Had our old and useful friend, 'The Man in the Street,' been asked, say in 1896, to name

twenty members of the House of Commons, Lockwood would almost certainly have been among his nominees. Yet he was not a Chamber-man, and in no sense a Parliamentarian. The task of tracing him through Hansard and of reading every word he is reported to have uttered in his place, took me but one afternoon, for I found that, excluding questions (and he did not ask half a dozen), but including observations made in Committee, both of Supply and on Bills, Lockwood during his twelve years spoke only fifty times, and that all his fifty speeches rolled into one would hardly make up a single parliamentary oration of the full-bodied, long-winded, front bench order. Why! I have a friend, a Scotch member, who is believed by many of his admirers, of whom I am one, to have spoken forty-nine times during the course of one single sitting. So differently do men behave in Parliament! Lockwood was undoubtedly timid of speech in the House. He had no mind to talk nonsense: he had the faculty of self-criticism, which is denied to so many of us, and he was, so he frequently told me, almost painfully conscious of a state of unpreparedness in public matters which disarmed him.

His large practice at the Bar and general course of life made it impossible for him to read Blue-books, and to follow day by day and hour by hour the course of debate ; and yet without this reading of Blue-books, without this hourly attention, no private member of Parliament can make a parliamentary reputation really worth having. It is a drudgery from which men more and more hold aloof. Hence the marked decline of new parliamentary reputations.

But though practically a silent member, Lockwood was a parliamentary personage, and this he became by the delightfully simple process of always being himself. He was looked out for as on the stroke of five he would stroll into the House from the Law Courts ; in the division lobby his tall figure, always characteristic both in dress and attitude, was usually the centre of a lively circle—he had his cronies and allies in all quarters, whom he was wont to hail by strange names for which you might have searched baptismal registers in vain.

‘And if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter.’

Full of fun and gaiety as he usually was, he was every whit as quickly responsive to graver

thoughts, and no one was fuller of manly sympathy and friendly zeal than he. It is the foolish fashion, when a man dies who has been good enough to make you laugh, to exclaim over his grave, ‘Alas ! poor Yorick.’ There never was anybody less like Yorick than Frank Lockwood, who was essentially a dignified and self-possessed man.

There is a good deal of bastard popularity and sham *bonhomie* in the House of Commons, under the cover of which some quite gruesome persons have gone to their tombs in all the sickly odours of a wholly imaginary popularity. Nor were these deceived ones entirely to blame, for really it sometimes seemed as if there were a conspiracy to take them in ; men’s features, for such is the force of even a false tradition, would relax into a sickly smile as these pseudo good fellows came rollicking up, and even on public occasions their supposed popularity has been referred to as a notorious fact, and allowed to pass unchallenged.

I suppose this is unavoidable, but it is very silly. But there is also in the House of Commons a true popularity—the popularity that,

in Lord Mansfield's phrase, is not followed after, but that follows ; and this is the popularity that Lockwood enjoyed to an almost unprecedented extent.

All this time his position at the Bar was a very enviable one. The kind of work he liked best and did best poured in upon him. So far back as 1884 he had obtained what is, I believe, much sought after in what used to be called the 'Westminster Hall' side of the profession—a general retainer from the London General Omnibus Company. It was always a pleasant thought for Lockwood's short-sighted friends, as they threaded their perilous way across crowded streets, that if the expected happened and they were run over and destroyed, it would be his duty to see that their widows were not too extravagantly remunerated. In 1885 he appeared in several cases once famous or at least notorious. It was, I think, in this year that he appeared for the first but by no means for the last time for Mr. Labouchere—a bold but judicious libeller who certainly deserves well of the Common Law Bar. For purely equitable proceedings he seems to have no turn.

To string together a catalogue of all the big cases in which Lockwood was engaged during this period of his busy life would be a dull and, as this is not an epic poem, an unwarranted proceeding; whilst to give a short account of them would be, considering their nature, invi-dious and even dangerous. ‘Let bygones be bygones,’ as the old lady said when invited to make a study of history. The cases are over, the juries have long since been discharged, the advocate is dead. It is much better to leave them alone. Jockeys accused of pulling horses, fine ladies of disregarding their marriage-vows, rogues and impostors of every hue hailing from the City, from the turf, from Exeter Hall; missing wills and stolen brooches, libels, slanders, and defamations, robberies of silver, and raids for gold—Carlyle might have described such a devils’ dance of dingy heroes and damaged heroines, but to do so is altogether beyond the powers of a decayed equity draftsman like myself. Among this crowd of litigants and their myrmidons, the impressive figure of Lockwood might be seen moving easily about, doing the best he could for his clients, sticking to the good points,

much to their uneasiness, and abandoning the bad ones to their undisguised horror, with a keen eye for the jury, and a great outward composure of mind and temper. It is much to his credit that he never took Old Bailey views of life, or looked at the great world through forensic spectacles. The majority of men by the time they reach middle life wear the scars of their several professions. Lockwood had fewer scars than the majority of successful barristers.

Lockwood held a great many briefs for newspapers, appearing for the 'Times,' the 'Daily Chronicle,' the 'Daily Telegraph,' the 'Star,' the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and others. He was always very happy in ridiculing the diseased vanity, and in denouncing the cupidity which are the twin sources of most of the actions for libel brought against the press. He was accounted a powerful advocate in that hideous excrescence of modern life, the Divorce Court, and when great music-halls found the renewal of their annual licences opposed, either by sinful rivals or an outraged public, their proprietors betook themselves to Lockwood. In 1890 he gave up the Assizes at York and Leeds except in special

cases. In 1894 he was generally retained on behalf of the Jockey Club, and appeared in 1897 in the action—which, if not collusive, was suspiciously friendly—in which it was decided by the Court of Appeal that the enclosure at Kempton Park was not a place for betting within the meaning of the Betting Acts. The largest fee he ever had marked upon a brief was 750 guineas, and the largest refresher ever paid him was 100 guineas a day. How easy it is to compress a life into a line; and not a very interesting line either.

By this time Lockwood's home contained two daughters, separated from each other in age by eight or nine years. Lucy, the elder of the two, was her father's constant companion, whilst the younger, Madge, soon made for herself the discovery of how delightful a father she was possessed. It was a joyous life that was led both in Kensington Gardens Square and Lennox Gardens. Friends old and new abounded, who were for the most part themselves in the full tide of life; artists and actors, doctors and lawyers, writers of plays, editors of famous papers — everybody had something to say

about something or other that had happened, was happening, or was about to happen. It was a strenuous, busy society made up of people who were accustomed to do things and to work at high pressure. The talk was honest if not profound, full of the 'stuff of life,' and though lively and gay, free from scandal and offence.

Himself a good bit of an artist, he never gave himself the airs of connoisseurship. He disliked to have it supposed he thought anything of his artistic quality. He drew because he could not help it. His professional friends, Mr. Harry Furniss and Mr. Reed, would occasionally give him a hint or two—as, for example, that the human ear is not truthfully represented by the figure 3. He would listen humbly and then go on in his own old way. The drawings once made, he gave, almost hurled them away, to the first person who asked for them, and never cared to see them again. His wife justly complained that everybody had her husband's sketches except herself. Parodying Prior's famous reply to the French courtier at Versailles, one might say that proofs of Lockwood's fecundity of fancy and felicity of

pencil were to be seen in everybody's house but his own.

For the theatre his affection was undying. He was not only what is barbarously called a 'first-nighter,' a dubious compliment to the stage after all, but a sturdy and persistent play-goer. Here again, despite his actual experiences of the boards, he repudiated any notion of being an expert. He was none the less a sane and sensible critic, and knew very well some of the soundest traditions of the profession. Nor did he in his hearty enjoyment of things despise the music-halls—those cradles of dramatic instinct. How often has he carried me away (nothing loth) from a dull debate in the House, and after bundling me into a hansom, 'Bob Logic, spectacles and all' (so would he say), shouted 'Tivoli' to the driver in a loud and unabashed voice that rang through Palace Yard, and away we would scamper to hear some song or see some dramatic turn which had taken his fancy, returning in due course. He always protested I would enjoy it enormously, and enjoy it enormously in his company I never failed to do. As I recall such incidents I am sorrowfully reminded of what

'Elia' says of his merry friend Jem White : 'Jem White is extinct and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least.'

Of Lockwood as a sportsman I am not qualified to speak. He looked like one—but he was not, so I am told, sufficiently early initiated into the ways of vermin. Dandie Dinmont describes the process somewhere.¹ But Lockwood's brother-in-law, Maclaine of Lochbuie, took him in hand, put him on to the rottens, and taught him the early lessons of the fly-fisher. Lockwood took to gun and rod with an ardour that never abated. I cannot find even among his friends one who will say he was a good shot, but they all admit, almost cheerfully for sportsmen, that he was improving. The game books of several of his friends—notably his brother-in-law's, Maclaine's—contain sketches which for

¹ 'I have six terriers at home, forby two couple of slow-hunds, five grews, and a wheen other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I had them a' regularly entered, first with rottens, then with stots and weasels, and then with the tod and brocks.'—'Guy Mannering,' ch. xxii.

many a day will excite the mirth and relieve the *tedium vitae* of sportsmen.

In 1886 Lockwood rented a grouse moor from Lord Derwent—Harewood Dale, near Scarborough—and the attraction led him to do what sooner or later on some scale or another every lawyer does—build a house for himself in the country. This house, known as Cober Hill, was begun in 1890, and there until the last summer of his life, Lockwood, during vacations, entertained his friends, followed his sports and enjoyed his pastimes, after the traditional fashion. Cober Hill was the home of good temper, and everyone who visited it carried away a lively recollection of its prevailing cheerfulness. Even the jealous, the envious, and the fretful, before they left, had begun to shed their self-tormenting quills—but the jealous, the envious, and the fretful were not, I admit, very often invited to Cober Hill.

Although Lockwood's ownership of Cober Hill was not long, it was long enough to stamp every stone of the place with his image and superscription.

After-dinner oratory naturally has a place in a community so fond of eating in herds as we

are. It is no doubt the habit to revile the practice and to denounce the public dinner table as a place where 'men sit and hear each other groan,' but the vitality of the institution shows no symptoms of decay. Like so many other stupid institutions, nobody knows what to put in its place, and, like nature, Britons abhor a vacuum and are never more alone than when alone. Lockwood was an unrivalled hand at an art which he at all events made pleasant. His whole personality at once came into play. I never saw him rise at a banquet but I called to mind Lamb's description of Ralph Bigod in the famous 'Essay on the Two Races of Men': 'For Bigod had an undeniable way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick, jovial eye, a bald forehead just touched with grey (*cana fides*).' The veriest curmudgeon, the acrid prig, even the ingrained rogue and fraudulent money-grub could hardly resist so powerful a presentment of good-humour. Lockwood's triumphs on these occasions were numberless. I witnessed many, and have been told of many more. Reports of some of these speeches lie before me, in some cases of speeches I actually heard, but the poor, lifeless

things, so far from being a refreshment to my memory, only insult it. Spontaneity, the most attractive of all the charms of human speech, is usually the first to resent the imprisonment of print.

I am going to give an example, not because it is one of the best or most representative—for, to tell the truth, like the Crimean speech at the Manchester Grammar School, it smells a little of the lamp, an odour not usually attached to any effusion of Lockwood's—but because it has a biographical interest, though it is a little misleading even under that head. In November 1891 Lockwood presided at the forty-sixth anniversary dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, and in the course of his speech spoke as follows :

' Gentlemen,—To-night you will be called upon to show that this generation is prepared to sustain and to maintain an institution which has done so much good as this has done. It may be said, If the theatrical profession holds its own amongst all the great professions of the land, how comes it that it is asking outside help for those who work in it for a living? And I will

tell you why. In the early days of the actor, or of those connected with the stage, there was no fostering with endowment, and as life goes on the play-actor can look forward to no official preferment or advancement. There is not a curate who has not some hope of becoming a bishop. We have been told—I do not claim this to be an original observation—that there is not a single soldier but who carries the bâton of the marshal in his knapsack. It very rarely comes out, but still it is a great comfort to know that it is there. I never met a barrister who, at any rate himself, did not think he was equal to the duties of a puisne judge. But for an actor there are none of these things to look forward to. He must hope, during such time as God gives him strength and talent, to do his work, and be able not only to keep himself for the time being, but to lay by something for the time to come; and I know, gentlemen, it is not all success. We see many friends around us here to-night, whom we are glad to recognise as men who have succeeded in this great profession. We congratulate them with all our hearts; but we know that in this profession there has been

many a failure. I know of one. Let me tell you of it. I know it is true, because I was the failure myself. I made my first appearance upon any stage at the old theatre at Bath. I suppose it was the old theatre. It was a very dingy and somewhat dirty theatre. Therefore I suppose it was the old theatre. But I have noticed that whenever the record of a great theatrical career comes to be written, it always begins at the "old theatre." And I have no doubt that many a theatrical reputation has been begun at the old theatre at Bath. It has been the cradle of many a theatrical reputation ; but, gentlemen, it was the coffin of mine. I was cast for the part of a servant—one of those faithful creatures to whom wages are not so much an object as a thoroughly uncomfortable home, and through five acts of an old English comedy I traced the mysteries of a child until that mysterious child must have been completely sick of me. It was an Irish part, and for its delineation I had studied and, as I thought, I had acquired the rich brogue racy of the Emerald Isle. I was not sure how I was getting on. I was conscious that when I came on to the stage

there was a certain amount of indifference as to what I said and as to what I did, and I was more conscious that there was a sense of relief when I left the stage. But still I did not know how things were going on until, as I left the stage, I met at the wing the stage-manager, who was an outspoken man. Many of you may know him. He addressed to me these very remarkable words. Said he, looking at me, "Scotch or Irish?" For the moment I mistook his meaning. I thought he was hospitably inclined, and was offering me an alternative choice in the matter of whisky. But he went on—"No," he said, "I have been wondering what dialect you have been playing that part in. Some say it is Scotch, and some say it is Irish; but the gas man, who tells me that he has often played the part, says it is 'Zomerset.'" I assured him that it was an Irish part—real old Irish. He made some frivolous observation as to its being a blend, but I said "This is no time for badinage," and I returned to track the wretched person on the stage. And I remember at the end of the performance some of the company went to the front of the curtain, and I appeared before the curtain

also, but somebody laughed. It was a comic piece, but no one had laughed at me up till then. I still did not know whether I was successful or not. The next day I went to a kind friend with whom I was staying, determined to settle the matter, and I said to him—"You heard me play; you were there; tell me, was I a success?" I waited for his words. He said, "I did not hear a word you said." That settled it. It was of no use attempting to take the Crystal Palace to play "*Hamlet*" on a Saturday afternoon after that. There are such failures every day, but it is not the luck of every man to fail at the beginning. He may go on working and struggling for years for success, and not be able to lay by anything for himself, and it is for such that I plead to-night. I wish that every word of mine could do something to increase the Fund for which I plead. But, gentlemen, I pray you, be generous, lest I should have the reflection that I have to-night, in my second essay in theatrical matters, also met with failure.'

During the Uncomfortable Parliament, Lockwood spoke but seldom, his two longest speeches being made in February 1888 and February 1889,

on the address in answer to the speeches from the Throne. Ireland and coercive legislation was the subject of both his speeches. He also took a great interest in the question of the liability of employers for accidents happening to their servants, and in the hours of labour of railway men ; for though not of an enthusiastic reforming temperament, his ever-lively imagination enabled him, and his warm heart prompted him, to enter into the details of other men's lives, and to consider how they spent the hours of their day, and the days of their week. There are, besides, a great many railway servants in York.

I shall not be expected to do more than refer to what is called the Parnell Commission of three judges of the land, appointed under the terms of an Act of Parliament to inquire into and report to the House of Commons on the truth or falsehood of all the charges brought by the 'Times' against Mr. Parnell and sixty-four members of his parliamentary party. Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Asquith appeared for Mr. Parnell ; and Lockwood, led by his bosom-friend Robert Reid, appeared for the great majority of the other Irish members. Mr. Davitt, not then in Parliament,

appeared for himself. The Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster), Sir Henry James and other eminent counsel represented the newspaper. The Commission held its first sitting on the 17th of September, 1888, and on the 21st of February, 1889, the one exciting incident in its protracted history occurred. Richard Pigott broke down under the cross-examination of Sir Charles Russell, and a few days later, after making a confession to Mr. Labouchere, fled to Madrid, where he destroyed himself. Thereupon the British public, to whom neither man nor minister can dictate, chose to regard this striking occurrence as the end of the whole matter.

Lord Spencer and Mr. Parnell publicly shook hands at a dinner of the Eighty Club eaten on the 8th of March, 1889, and presided over by Lockwood, where were present Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and many another prominent Liberal. The three Judges, however, remained tied to their stakes, and the inquiry dragged along in an empty court until the 12th of July, 1889, when all the counsel for what may be called the defence retired from the case on the

refusal of the Judges to order production of the books of the Irish Patriotic Union. Lockwood, of course, retired with the rest. The newspapers described the scene of their departure as 'impressive,' but nothing, however impressive, could disturb the judicial equanimity of the truly great man who had been called upon to preside over the Commission. 'Nothing is changed,' said Sir James Hannon, with that imperturbability to extraneous occurrences which is one of the best traditions of the Bench, 'nothing is changed except that we shall no longer have the assistance of counsel.' The proceedings did, however, eventually come to an end on the 22nd of November, 1889. Lockwood had attended 106 days, examined twelve witnesses, cross-examined seventy-two, re-examined nineteen, and made it would be rash to say how many hundred sketches of the judges, the counsel, the witnesses, priests and peasants. I have heard it said that he did not pay any great degree of attention to the details of this extraordinary inquiry. There is not always room for everybody, even in the biggest of cases, and it may be that the unresting energy of Sir Charles Russell, the exact research of Mr.

Asquith, and the *præfervidum ingenium* of Robert Reid exhausted even this subject. It is only fair to add that there exist a good many sketches by Lockwood which, so far from lending countenance to the idea that he was less hard-working than his colleagues, point to a directly opposite conclusion. But it is all over now, and the published speeches of Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Davitt remain, from a forensic and literary point of view, the only enduring memorials of this strange and unfruitful incident in the unlucky history of British rule in Ireland.

All this time the Uncomfortable Parliament was wearing itself out in the usual manner. Lord Salisbury's original majority of 116 had been whittled away by bye-elections until, in June 1892, when Parliament was dissolved, it stood at 66.

A hard fight awaited Lockwood and his staunch comrade Alfred Pease at York, where the Conservatives had been lucky enough to secure Mr. J. G. Butcher as their champion, and were wise enough to run him alone. After a bit, one election seems very like another. At this particular election the character of Irishmen in

general was much discussed both on platforms and in the press—what proportion of the whole Irish population had the criminal mind, and why? Professorial persons were to be found to make and publish analyses of the report of the Parnell Commission, to enable the British electorate to make up its great mind on this vexed question of mingled morality and ethnology. Lockwood, now an old hand at electioneering, flung himself into the contest with unflagging spirit. Mr. Butcher, however, succeeded in dissolving the pleasant partnership of Pease and Lockwood. The figures which were declared on the 5th of July, 1892, were as follows :

Butcher	5076
Lockwood	5080
Pease	4846

There were 219 splits between Butcher and Lockwood, 54 between Butcher and Pease, 38 plumpers for Lockwood, and 19 for Pease. Such are the idiosyncrasies of electors.

On being called upon to address his supporters after the declaration, Lockwood said :

‘Freemen and electors of York,—You have for the third time done me the great honour of

returning me as one of your representatives. For that honour I beg to return you my most sincere thanks, but you must know full well that my heart is very full just now—for you know that although you have returned me to Parliament, you have refused my dear colleague's assistance. Ladies and gentlemen, I don't think it is a time to indulge in much speech making. I am only anxious that you should understand how very fully I appreciate the great honour that you have conferred upon me.'

Mr. A. E. Pease said: 'Liberals of York, for six, and nearly seven, years I have done my best to represent your city. To-day I am a defeated candidate, but I have been beaten in fair fight. I will say this for our opponents in this struggle, that they have fought squarely. We have polled our strength on the present register. On another register there may be a different result, but I am proud of this—that there are more than 4,800 men of York who have given me their support, and, gentlemen, for everybody who lives in this county of Yorkshire it is a proud position that he has what I may say is the friendship of 4,800 men of this city. I am no

longer to return to Westminster with Mr. Lockwood, but I have to thank York for one thing, and that is, that it has given me the best friend of my life, Mr. Frank Lockwood, and although York may divide us in the representation of this city, it cannot separate us as friends. Now I am going to say good-night ; I hope you will allow all feelings of bitterness to die out as quickly as you can, and let us bear our defeat as Yorkshiremen. I shall not say more, but I have to thank Mr. Bellerby, Mr. Wood, the Liberal Four Hundred, and every Liberal worker in this city for the support and kindness which they have shown me. I shall not forget York. I hope York will not forget me.'

Again I say it was a shame to part them.

I print two letters to his father that have accidentally been preserved.

To his father

' 26 Lennox Gardens, Pont Street, S.W. :
' March 20, 1886.

' My dear Dad,—. . . I am obliged by the catalogue. Can you tell me anything of any of the pictures ; are there any worth buying for "Auld

Lang Syne"? I should think they would go cheap. I should be obliged if you would let me know as to this. . . . I was at an interesting dinner last night at Sir Charles Forster's. The guests were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Kilcoursie, Mundella, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Erskine May, Dr. Vaughan and self. I left the debate on Richards' motion in order to be there at eight, but the G.O.M. spoke afterwards and we did not begin dinner until nearly nine. The old man was full of talk; he was very pleasant and spoke kindly to me about York. He was speaking about sleeping, and said he always drank tea after midnight—what a stomach he must have. The night before he had what he called "solid sleep" from 12.30 to 9.15! He reads some light work before going to bed. Dr. Vaughan mildly asked whether he read "Greek" at night. The old 'un returned a "Certainly not," which took the wind out of the doctor. I sat next to the latter. We had some talk about Doncaster. We had just finished dinner when one of the whips sent for us to go back for a division. So four of us had to leave at once and the old 'un followed. We have had some late hours in

Parliament this week. I don't think we shall last long—there is that indescribable air of a coming storm about, and I shall be much surprised if the break-up does not come before Easter. The G.O.M. lamented the departure of the east wind—he says it suits him—another instance of a wonderful stomach.

'Your loving son,

'FRANK.'

To his father

'2 Paper Buildings, Temple :
' November 24, 1888.

'My dear Dad,—The judges are getting a bit snappy in the Commission, but I hope we may be able to carry on without an open rupture. I believe that they intend to do their duty honestly, but our notion of their honest duty is doubtless very different to that which they entertain. The fact is they are called upon to decide a political question and to draw political inferences from the history of a nation—no easy task for anyone, least of all for men of no political training, but of, probably, strong political prejudices. On Tuesday last I met Mr. Gladstone at dinner at the house of Mr. Armitstead—

ex-M.P. The party consisted of Mr. G., Herbert G., Asquith, Mr. William O'Brien, the host and myself. Mr. G. was of course the talker. He told us he remembered three men in the House of Commons who wore pigtails. His reminiscences of D. O'Connell were interesting, particularly at this time. We talked of John Bright. Mr. G. considers him very ill—past hope of recovery. He (Bright) asked G. some years ago how many hours he slept. The answer was, "Always eight, and my rule is never to think of any political matters after I get into bed." Bright answered that he made his best speeches in bed. . . . Mr. G. also told us that his great friend Dr. Döllinger, who has arrived at the age of about seventy, finding the other day some little difficulty in getting sleep, learnt by heart three books of the *Odyssey*, in order to repeat when in bed and thus obtain rest. Best love to all.

'Your affectionate son,
'FRANK.'

CHAPTER VII

HER MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL

THE Parliament of 1892 contained a Home Rule majority of forty, made up as follows :

Home Rulers from Great Britain	274
" " " Ireland	81
	355

Against Home Rule :

Conservatives	269
Liberal Unionists	46
	315

A slender majority for so huge an undertaking, but Mr. Gladstone had ever an indomitable spirit.

Lockwood's parliamentary activity did not increase with years. Indeed, the habit, passive though it be, of holding your tongue in the House of Commons is one that grows upon its victim with an almost frightful celerity. Half a dozen sessions will convert a modest reticence

into an almost incurable dumbness. There is but one way to learn how to debate in Parliament, and that is at the expense of your audience. For this dictum we have both the word and the example of Mr. Fox. The longer we delay exacting the penalty, the more brutal does the operation seem to become. To have a heart steeled against human suffering is a necessary equipment of the would-be debater.

Lockwood did, however, in March 1893, make an admirable and impressive speech in the House. It related to the case of Surgeon-Major Briggs. I can bear witness to the excellent effect it produced. A little later in the session, in May, Lockwood, happening to be in the House during a debate that had arisen as to certain proceedings in Hull of an organisation called the Shipping Federation, Limited, took what proved to be a good legal point; he contended that having regard to the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Acts, the Federation, not being licensed by the Board of Trade, and not being shipowners or persons in the constant employ of shipowners, were not entitled to supply ships with seamen as they had been doing—in fact, that they were

crimbs ; and with unusual emphasis he challenged the Board of Trade to declare its mind on this crucial subject. There was quite a little stir over this, insignificant as it may now appear, and it became necessary, after awhile, for Mr. Gladstone himself to interfere in the debate, which he did like the Olympian he was. ‘If,’ said that incomparable orator, ‘their advice be brought in question and impugned by persons of serious and considerable authority, such as my hon. and learned friend the Member for York, it is most natural, usual, and politic that the head of the department should fortify himself with the highest authority to which he has access, namely, that of the law officers of the Crown, and it imputes no imputation or suspicion on his part with regard to his ordinary advisers that he should find it his duty to endeavour to fortify them by reference to a weightier authority.’

Thus magnificently encouraged, Mr. Mundella fortified himself accordingly ; that is to say, he took the opinion of the law officers, and Lockwood proved to be right. It is true nothing was done in consequence, but Lockwood, who was apt to

be depressed about his position in the House, took comfort from it.

The 6th of April had seen Mr. Gladstone a second time at the box moving the second reading of a Bill for the Better Government of Ireland. Sir Michael Hicks Beach moved its rejection, and on the 23rd of April it was read a second time by a majority of 43. Lockwood took no part in this debate, nor did he speak during the committee stage, prolonged though that was. On the 1st of September the Bill that had been read a third time that evening was carried up in the dead of night to the House of Lords, who with prompt despatch—for who wishes to be in town when it is ‘brown with September’?—set to work upon it, and on the 8th of the same month saw their way clear to reject it, the figures being:—For the Bill 41, against it 419. It would be absurd to analyse so thumping a majority. ‘So many earls and viscounts,’ to quote Froissart, ‘it would be tedious to rehearse.’ The gossips noticed that out of 64 peers who owed their patents of nobility to Mr. Gladstone, only 24 voted for his Bill; but what was really far better worth noting was that on the third reading in the House

of Commons there was a majority of British representatives against the Bill, whilst in England and Wales alone there was a majority of 48 against the Bill. The predominant partner remained unconverted.

After Home Rule came an autumn sitting devoted to the Parish Councils Bill. Lockwood did not concern himself with the details of this useful measure, nor did he once speak during the very slow progress through committee of the famous Finance Act inseparably associated with the name of Sir William Harcourt, a triumphant measure which has done nothing since its passage into law but fill the Exchequer.

But though silent in Parliament, Lockwood was busy elsewhere, not only in the courts, where his conduct of some cases of special difficulty enhanced his high reputation, but in giving his support in different parts of the country to causes and organisations which interested him. That excellent Society, though the necessity for it is a terrible humiliation 'after the Passion of a thousand years,' which exists for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children appealed to Lockwood in every fibre of his being. Speaking at Scar-

borough in its behalf he said: 'I have often noticed in the pictures which illustrate the bringing of the children to Christ, that the children are depicted as happy-looking, round-faced little infants. I should like to see another picture dealing with the same subject in which the children should be portrayed as starved and miserable, with tear-stained faces, wan features and hungry eyes. It was to these that our Lord would have given his tenderest welcome, and it is for them that our society is working to-day.'

A very different but not a bit more characteristic speech was made by him in Birmingham in March 1893. It was an address to the law students of that town—or city, as it has since become. It is so full of matter that I make no apology for reprinting it from the columns of the 'Birmingham Daily Post' of the 23rd of March.

'The President said he had been asked to deliver an address, and also to propose "The Birmingham Law Students' Society." He expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him, especially when he remembered the distinguished presidents who had preceded him, and said he understood that, like other institutions,

they had been through the enlivening process of reform, and were now a flourishing society. He found that they had delivered to them in the course of the year an admirable series of lectures. He did not profess to be an authority on lectures. He spent three years of his life at Cambridge in avoiding lectures. He was called to the Bar at a time when it was only necessary to eat so many dinners and to pay so much to a special pleader, to whose chambers one went or not as one liked for twelve months, and was then called without the trouble of attending lectures. But although he was not an authority on lectures, he was the last to underrate their importance. There was another phase of their society with which he had the deepest and the keenest sympathy—a debating club or debating parliament. He did not believe that their debates were mock debates ; he believed that there was as much substance, that there was as much true education frequently in the business of a debating society—that there was often a vast deal more common sense than they got in the House of Commons. Debating societies had done a great deal in the past for the platform of

this country. Not only had they a debating society, but they had connected with it an admirable institution known as a mock trial. He did not know why it should be called mock, because he was perfectly sure they did not wish to mock at justice when they held their tribunal. He thought it was likely to prove a source of much practical education to the members. Speaking in a court of justice was all very well. He had never served on a jury, but he thought if he did he should pay but little attention to the speeches that were made. He did not think that as a rule a jury paid very much attention to what was said by anybody—except, of course, the learned judge. In the mock trials they had an opportunity of showing what they could do in the way of examination of witnesses, and he believed that more causes were won by the proper examination of a witness than by all the speeches that were made by counsel. He wanted to say a word or two from a practical point of view with regard to the examination of witnesses. He believed that the examination of a witness in chief, or the direct examination of witnesses, as it was called in Ireland, was very

much underrated in its significance and its importance. If they had to examine a witness, what they had got to do was to induce him to tell his story in the most dramatic fashion, without exaggeration ; they had got to get him, not to make a mere parrot-like repetition of the proof, but to tell his own story as though he were telling it for the first time—not as though it were words learnt by heart—but if it were a plaintive story, plaintively telling it. And they had got to assist him in the difficult work. They had got to attract him to the performance of his duty, but woe be to them if they suggested to him the terms in which it was to be put. They must avoid any suspicion of leading the witness, while all the time they were doing it. They knew perfectly well the story that he was going to tell ; but they destroyed absolutely the effect if every minute they were looking down at the paper on which his proof was written. It should appear to be a kind of spontaneous conversation between the counsel on the one hand and the witness on the other, the witness telling artlessly his simple tale, and the counsel almost appalled to hear of the iniquity under which his client had suffered.

It was in this way, and in this way alone, that they could effectively examine a witness. Then they approached the cross-examination. He admitted it to be a difficult question, and it was rendered all the more difficult perhaps by the crusade which had been warred lately in the public press against cross-examination. According to the public press there were a lot of swash-bucklers going about the world disguised as lawyers, who endeavoured to get their living by the injury of reputations, by cruel attacks upon credit. Those whom he was addressing knew perfectly well that any man who so betrayed a professional trust that was placed within his hands was not only a knave, but a fool. Whoever had been in the habit of going into a court of justice knew perfectly well that cruel and irrelevant cross-examination was disastrous to the cause whose advocate administered it. He believed that if cross-examination was improper, or irrelevant, or cruel, it brought its punishment at once, and he was certain that the cause was lost that was endeavoured to be bolstered up by it. No one knew better than the distinguished advocates he saw around him when to stop in a

cross-examination. The hint came from the jury box before much mischief was done, and the advocate was a bad one who did not take the hint. He would give them another piece of advice as to when to cease cross-examination. Never continue the cross-examination of a witness if they saw the judge showed the slightest disposition to do it himself. If they saw the judge, to use a somewhat sporting expression, in the least inclined to take up the running—let him do it. He would do it much better, much more effectively than they could do it, because he would undertake to say that there was not one of Her Majesty's judges sitting on the bench who, if he chose, could not mar the best cross-examination that could be administered. A witness could not be cross-examined without the approval of the bench ; with the approval of the bench one could do pretty much what one liked. Then, again, in cross-examination there must be some sense of proportion. When they were attacking credit, it was a blunder to rake up old stories if they could help it. Nothing was more distasteful to a jury. If on reflection they believed it was their duty to

do it, let them do it fearlessly, and no honest man would blame them. Re-examination—the putting Humpty-Dumpty together again—was by no means an unimportant portion of an advocate's duty. Once, in the Court of Chancery, a witness was asked in cross-examination by an eminent Chancery leader, whether it was true that he had been convicted of perjury. The witness owned the soft impeachment, and the cross-examining counsel very properly sat down. Then it became the duty of an equally eminent Chancery Q.C. to re-examine. "Yes," said he, "it is true you have been convicted of perjury. But tell me: Have you not on many other occasions been accused of perjury, and been acquitted?" He recommended that as an example of the way in which it ought not to be done. In conclusion, Mr. Lockwood said that it was not given to all of them to succeed to the most honourable positions in their profession; but for those who were its mere soldiers there was much to satisfy their ambition in the proper discharge of its duties. They were not, he admitted, a popular profession.' ('Oh ! ') 'He heard some one insinuate a doubt. Had he ever been

made the hero of a novel? Had he ever found himself depicted as the hero of a melodrama or even farce? Had he ever found that a lawyer was introduced into the drama for any other purpose than to be kicked in the last act? Let them not shut their eyes to the fact. What chance would any of them have, starting at equal weights, with a curate or a soldier? But although they were not popular, they could do their best to deserve to be so—and he believed he had the honour of being president of a society which would do very much to maintain the honour and the reputation of the great profession to which they all belonged.'

In June of this year an honour was conferred upon him he greatly appreciated—the freedom of the city of York. To have been born in Doncaster and to be Member for York were two things about himself very much to his liking. The proceedings on the occasion are melancholy reading. All who took part in them—with the notable exception, I dare say, of Lockwood himself—seemed so confident that the youngest citizen of York had stretching before him a long life, full of the happiness and prosperity he

seemed to carry about wherever he went. York, so Lockwood said with an unmistakable sincerity, had been to him typical of all that was great and honourable since he was a child.

It will occasion no one any surprise to learn that Lockwood was a Freemason, belonging to the Northern Bar Lodge. The 28th of November, 1893, is a great date even in the annals of Freemasonry, for then was the Chancery Bar Lodge consecrated in the library of Lincoln's Inn by the Earl of Lathom, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a large number of brethren, including Lord Chancellors past, present, and to come. Lockwood's reputation as an occasional speaker was so great that, no place having been found for him on the toast list (he was not the most diligent of the craft), the Prince of Wales seems to have invented a toast for him. So at least the following extract from the 'Times' suggests :

'The Prince of Wales said : "The Worshipful Master has allowed me to propose one more toast than is written down. At this evening's ceremonial a great many distinguished visitors, members of the craft, have been present, and it would not do for us to separate without their

names being toasted. I have the greatest pleasure in coupling with the name of the visitors a distinguished lawyer, a distinguished member of Parliament, a distinguished Mason, and also one who with the facility of the pencil is as great as he is with the facility of speech. He will forgive me for saying that I assure him of the pleasure it gives me to ask Brother Lockwood to respond for the toast of the visitors.”’

Brother Lockwood’s reply is not forgotten by those who heard it, but of some things it is not lawful to write *coram publico*.

About this time there occurred an incident in his life which gave him that unaffected pleasure he was always able to take in little occurrences, whether happening to himself or to a friend—I mean his ‘Lecture on the Law and Lawyers of Pickwick,’ afterwards separately published by the Roxburghe Press, with a sketch, by way of frontispiece, of Serjeant Buzfuz. Lockwood had learnt his Dickens at his mother’s knee, and his delight in the crowd of characters that make the pages of the ‘Inimitable One’ hum with life and his readers choke with laughter never deserted him. Lockwood read Dickens

with the eyes both of a humorist and an artist, and amply was he repaid. Of 'Pickwick' he speaks with a grave enthusiasm that almost suggests Mr. Gladstone lecturing on Homer.

'Ladies and gentlemen,—It is an extraordinary thing when we look at this book—when we reflect that it contains within its pages no less than three hundred and sixty characters, all drawn vividly and sharply, all expressing different phases of human thought and of human life, and every one of them original—when we reflect that that book was written by a young man of twenty-three years of age. In that book I find portrayed, with life-like fidelity, constables, sheriff's officers, beadle, ushers, clerks, solicitors, barristers, and last, but by no means least, a judge. Every incident of the early life of this great author bore fruit in his writings.'

The lecture, delivered first at York, and afterwards in London with Sir Charles Russell, then Attorney-General, in the chair, naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and, when published, had a considerable sale. His appearance as an author was a subject of endless merriment with him. Sometimes he would pretend to be

monstrously inflated by his success, at other times to be cast down by the jealousies, envies, and caballings of less meritorious but more pushing writers. Walking home with him on Wednesday afternoons, he would play the parts both of the inflated and the dejected author to perfection. Even Eaton Square ceased to be dull with him in it.

In June 1894, Lockwood was the guest of the Eighty Club at Cambridge. His friend, Robert Reid, just become Solicitor-General, was in the chair. The friendship between the two men had become, on one side of the House of Commons at all events, a tradition. An extract from Lockwood's speech on the occasion will give an example of his vein.

'But there is one error I have noticed in speech-making into which I promised I will not fall to-night. I think the great curse of speech-making in the present day is the length of the speeches we have to listen to. Perhaps we offend more in political rather than in any other branch of speech-making, and I verily believe we offend in Parliament more than in any other assembly in the length of our speeches. I rarely

see a great speech-maker in the House of Commons rise to address the assembly who does not look at the clock, and when he sits down he looks again at the clock. I assure you he does not do it in any apologetic frame of mind. He wants to see if he has done an hour, and if he has he is perfectly content, and feels like Jack Lofty in "The Good-Natured Man": "I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them." However, you have ordained it that your guest is to speak, and speak I must. I remember in the earlier days of this Club, even before it was the "Eighty" Club, when we used to sit, as members of Mr. Albert Grey's committee, at the feet of political authority, we heard words of wisdom and went and preached them in the desert; after the great election of 1880 it was the wont of this Club to extend its hospitality to political authority, and we sat, and we admired, and we listened. But now all this is reversed; it is political authority that entertains the rank and file of the party. This puts me at some disadvantage, Mr. Solicitor-General, because I was always diffident and apprehensive in the presence of authority. I remember so far

back as my own University career, I avoided authority. Indeed, to such an extent has this diffidence grown upon me that I remember occasions perfectly well in the streets of this University town, when I have met authority in the shape of the Proctor, I have actually turned and fled. Another matter that gave me some cause for apprehension was, indeed, whether I was to get this dinner that was promised to me at all, because I continually read in the papers that a dissolution was at hand, and, of course, dissolution meant no dinner. I do not refer to the prognostications of the "Times" newspaper, for with the "Times" crisis is chronic, but even papers which should have been more sympathetic with the party have been telling us from day to day that dissolution was inevitable. I met a man in the Temple the other day—and it shows how little straws in the minds of some indicate the way the wind is blowing—and he said to me, "I am afraid we are not going to last long; I am afraid there is going to be a dissolution." I asked him why he thought so, and he said: "I was walking down Middle Temple Lane, and passing the door of the

Solicitor-General, I noticed that his name, which has been painted afresh, has only been done in one coat of paint." Of course I pointed out that my honourable and learned friend came of a prudent race, and that no importance must be attached to that otherwise significant fact.

'I was reassured the other day when Lord Rosebery was speaking at the National Liberal Club, and announced that the Government was a fighting one, and would fight as long as there were two shots in the locker—or, in other words, as long as we had a majority of two votes in the lobby. But I was cast down when my honourable and learned friend Mr. Haldane, like one of the weird sisters of "Macbeth" preaching on some blasted Scottish heath, announced that the day of dissolution was at hand. I don't know whence he owed that strange intelligence, but this speech did not reassure me, and I do not think it reassured the party. I remember in a North of England country town there was a prophet—not a racing prophet (there are plenty of them there)—but a real prophet—a sort of man who foretells the end of the world once a week. Nobody believed him—you could not

believe a man who was regularly wrong once a week—but a local coal merchant told me that the number of persons getting in coal by the sack was phenomenal. It was not because they expected the world was coming to an end, but it would not be well to be left, when it did come, with a stock of coal on hand. It might be used, possibly, against you. Well, these things, as I say, caused me from time to time grave apprehension. I am glad to find that no dissolution has interfered with your hospitality to-night.

‘ Before I sit down I must say one word in answer to the kindly observations which have been made by my honourable and learned friend who is with us to-night. I can say, indeed, in the words of the poet :

“ We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, Bob,
We've had wi' anither.”

I don't exactly know what the meaning of the word “canty” is, but inasmuch as the author lived somewhere near Dumfries it is no doubt familiar to my honourable friend. It has been a matter of great and sincere congratulation to the

friends of the Solicitor-General that his great political talent, his great professional ability, have been recognised ; those of us who like him well have had no prouder moment in our parliamentary career than when we found that the acclamations of welcome came not from one side of the House merely, and we felt proud of this—that still in political life it goes for something to have been throughout your life fair and square. Nothing could have added more to my pleasure this evening than to have seen my old friend here seated in the chair and introducing me to this club.'

Parliament was prorogued on the 28th of August, 1894, and during the vacation the Attorney-General, Sir John Rigby, became one of the Lords Justices of Appeal. Sir Robert Reid thereupon became Mr. Attorney; but who was to be Mr. Solicitor? The House of Commons always contains men ready and willing and, what is more to the purpose, able to fill any office. When, a little later, the great place of Speaker became vacant by the resignation of one of the stateliest figures that has ever filled the Chair, it was noticeable by the eye of humour

how even the slovenliest members tried to take the stoop out of their shoulders, and to pace the lobbies rather than to sidle through them. They said nothing about it, but deep in their hidden hearts they were dreaming of the Chair, the Chaplain, and the Mace. Lord Rosebery, who, on the resignation of Mr. Gladstone, had become Prime Minister, submitted Lockwood's name to the Queen. The choice was a popular one—in the House, at the Bar, and in the country. Mr. Disraeli said of Sir Robert Peel, 'His great deficiency was a want of nature, which made him often appear with a good cause more plausible than persuasive, more specious than convincing.' Lockwood may have had deficiencies as a Solicitor-General, but he atoned for them all by his rich supply of nature. The front bench was the better for his presence. We all love to look upon a man. York was delighted, and returned him unopposed, to his great satisfaction. Like all warm-hearted men, he loved to be well treated. He got 800 congratulatory letters in a week, and on the 20th of November received the honour of knighthood at Windsor in the chivalric company of a high sheriff and an ex-mayor. The usual

circuit dinners and snuff-boxes celebrated the event.

Parliament met early in February 1895, and Lockwood took his seat on the Government front bench; but he never learnt to wear the true official look. He made his first speech as Solicitor-General on the 28th of February; the subject was the Rating of Machinery Bill.

These were the days we spent in ploughing the sands. To our credit be it said, we did it cheerfully. It might seem a wearisome occupation.

*'Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus et litus sterili versamus arato.'*

But we were very merry in the lobbies, and Her Majesty's Solicitor-General contributed greatly to our gaiety. He himself was told off to help the Home Secretary, whose particular allotment of sand was the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, a measure which only escaped the fate of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords by the cordite division which, occurring as it did on the 27th of June, all unexpectedly put an end to an administration which throughout its existence

had received from its rank and file as loyal a support as ever responded to the needs of Ministers.

It cannot be said that a Disestablishment Bill was a subject made for Lockwood's hand. Like his favourite author, Charles Dickens, there was nothing of the Nonconformist about him. To him, as to many another Yorkshireman, Doncaster racecourse and Doncaster church were alike excellent institutions, with which he had no mind to quarrel. The words Erastian and anti-Erastian had no place in his honest vocabulary. But he was ready to do what he could in the matter. However, his accomplished friend Mr. Asquith seldom stood in need of any professional dialectical assistance.

As Solicitor-General Lockwood conducted with great skill and judgment three difficult prosecutions. Nobody can do everything equally well. Lockwood had no fancy for Revenue cases, nor had he—sensitive mortal though he was, and exceedingly fond of doing well—any of that absurd self-conceit which leads some people to believe they are scoring great success when at the best they are but marking time. Lock-

wood used to tell, with much enjoyment, how shortly after his appointment he asked one of those convenient gentlemen known as 'Crown devils' to tell him which of the cases in the Revenue list were 'really interesting and full of law.' Diabolus, a little startled at the zeal of his new chief, supplied the necessary information, armed with which Lockwood was enabled to make such a division of the work between himself and his colleague as secured to Mr. Attorney the privilege of appearing in all these 'interesting' cases.

On Mr. Peel's retirement from the Chair Lockwood's name was a good deal mentioned both in the lobbies and in the press as a suitable successor. I never heard him allude to the subject, and the choice of the party ultimately, as everybody knows, fell upon Mr. Gully.

After the cordite defeat the House changed sides—a curious sight—on the 1st of July, 1895, and on the 8th of the same month the Parliament of 1892 came to an end, and Lockwood went down to York to fight his last election. Once more he was associated with Alfred

Pease. On the 15th of July the poll was declared :

J. G. Butcher	5,516
Sir Frank Lockwood	5,309
Alfred Pease	5,214

I print four letters to his daughter Lucy.

To his daughter Lucy

‘26 Lennox Gardens: January 28, 1898.

‘My dear Lucy,—Mother and I are both very glad to hear from you that you are comfortable and happy. It does not now want long to Easter, and in the meantime you must ascertain the best restaurants in Havre, and obtain full information as to the “Bongs-Vings,” for be it remembered that man cannot live by chocolate alone. On Wednesday I paid a visit to the Yorkites—they were very cordial in their reception of me. It was what you may call a mixed entertainment—music and speaking—Home Rule and “Home, sweet Home.” I did not get away from York till after two the following morning, as the train was very late. I got home at 8.20, went to bed and got up at 8.45, so I had not much time between the sheets. But it is not pleasant to begin work at 10.30 without having

been to bed at all, so I thought I might as well attempt to deceive my constitution by going into bed, if only for twenty-five minutes. My constitution, however, found out the fraud I had practised upon it in the course of the afternoon, and insisted upon my going to sleep before dinner. We had a legal dinner on Thursday. On Tuesday the company was more mixed—Asquith, the Jeunes, Lady Dorothy—but doubtless mother has told you all this. The Gilberts stayed with us. Gilbert had the nursery for a dressing-room, and said it made him feel quite young. He has gone to stay with A. Sullivan at Monte Carlo—they are going to write another joint-opera for the Savoy. He told me something about it, but I promised not to tell.

‘Your loving father,
‘FRANK LOCKWOOD.’

‘House of Commons: April 21, 1893.

‘My dear Lucy,—I have not much news for you this week, except that I have a bad cold. To-night we divide on the second reading of the H.R. Bill. I hope we shall get it over before one o’clock, as I don’t want to be kept up later

than I can help. . . . Dr. Briggs has sent me a very beautiful cup in recognition of what I did for him in the House of Commons. It looks very handsome on the dining-room table, but the inscription on it is so flattering that I shall hardly like to put it there. "In memory of a truly chivalrous action." Any one reading it would think I had saved an old woman from a watery grave, or stopped a runaway horse, or gone outside an omnibus to oblige a lady, or done something or other great or noble. I shall have to invent some thrilling story to account for this inscription—how I offered to give up mother to some rival suitor.

‘ Your loving father,
FRANK LOCKWOOD.’

‘ 26 Lennox Gardens, Pont Street, S.W.:
April 29, 1893.

‘ My dear Lucy,—I have just been to see the pictures at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery. I am dining at the former to-night. . . . I went to Kettering on Thursday night to speak . . . we had a good meeting of about two thousand people. . . . I am trying to get Mr. G. to make John Tenniel a knight. He (J. T.) has

drawn the cartoons in "Punch" for forty years, and I think it would be a most popular thing to bestow some honour upon him. We are going to have a meet of the Two Pins Club to-morrow. Our worthy president is still in Paris, so we shall not have his genial presence. We are glad to have Madgie back from Worthing. . . . I really have no news for you this week.

"Your loving father,
FRANK LOCKWOOD."

Garrick Club, W.C.: May 6, 1898.

"My dear Lucy,—I dined last night with the Benchers of the Middle Temple, of whom the Prince of Wales is one. He was present, but the Duke of York, who was expected, did not turn up. As his father said, "A young man who has only been engaged to a charming young lady for two days must be forgiven for wishing to be with her." I had some talk with the Prince after dinner as to the guests we are going to ask to meet the Duke of York at Lincoln's Inn. We have just made him a Bencher. I was rather amused by the students in the Hall, who, when the band played "Mrs. 'Enry

'Awkins" (one of Chevalier's songs), sang the chorus in honour of Sir Henry Hawkins, who was at the dinner. I don't think he knew the song, but he looked rather puzzled as his name was lifted up in the mighty chorus of many voices. We had a meet of the Two Pins last Sunday. We breakfasted at Richmond—Burnand, Sambourne, Mathews, Arthur Russell and myself. Next Sunday we ride to Hampton, and hope to see the yearlings in the afternoon—Sir George Maude has asked us to do so. I am very pleased to say that John Tenniel is to be knighted on the Queen's birthday—he quite deserves it. I made a short speech in the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon about the Hull strikers. I did not speak long, and most of the papers are favourable in their comments, so I suppose I may congratulate myself on not doing so badly as I generally do in the House of Commons. Wednesday night will be a heavy one for us; I dine with Sir Henry Thompson, then go with mother to the Duke of Devonshire's, then rush home and dress for the De la Rues' fancy dress ball.

‘Your loving father,

‘FRANK LOCKWOOD.’

CHAPTER VIII

AMERICA

THE shifting of 221,000 votes in Great Britain sufficed to turn a Liberal majority of 40 into a Unionist majority of 152, and accordingly Lord Salisbury returned to Downing Street. A decent interval for reflection—in fact, the Horatian period of nine years—having elapsed since the fateful division of 1886, the new Prime Minister made bold to invite the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James (who now became a peer) to join his Cabinet as Liberal Unionists—a step they had no hesitation in taking.

The correct parliamentary word to express the emotion occasioned by the change of one set of Cabinet companions for another set is ‘anguish,’ but as politicians are rarely masters of phrasing there is no harm in the suggestion

that 'awkwardness' would more accurately describe the sensation.

An odd thing now happened. Sir Richard Webster, of course, took Sir Robert Reid's place as Attorney-General, and Lockwood's seemed to belong to Sir Edward Clarke, by the triple claim of previous occupancy, pre-eminence at the bar, and authority in the House; but this distinguished advocate jibbed at the famous Treasury minute of the 29th of June, 1894,¹ which (in no spirit of narrow parsimony) had fixed the salary of Mr. Attorney at 10,000*l.* a year, and that of Mr. Solicitor at 9,000*l.* a year, making at the same time suitable provision for their clerks, but had gone on to provide as follows :

'IV. Any fees which may be paid to a law officer by persons unconnected with the public service for business done by him as law officer shall be accounted for by him to the Board of Treasury, and shall be paid at such times and in such manner as the Board may direct.

'V. The law officers shall not undertake business of any kind on behalf of private clients ;

¹ This minute has been altered, and now the law officers are paid partly by salary and partly by fees. They have benefited by the change ; they are still debarred from private practice.

and any law officer shall, on appointment to office, return any papers which have been placed before him, or any briefs which have been delivered to him, on behalf of private clients.'

With a delicacy unusual in the Treasury, the minute omits to add 'and the fees which have been paid therewith,' but this is involved by the harsh rules of the profession.

Pending this difficulty, Lockwood, much to his amazement, remained Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, but as he got no work from the Government, and was naturally anxious to recapture at the earliest possible moment his private practice, which since February 1895 had gone astray, he asked his brother officer whether he was at liberty to accept any briefs which might be offered him. Sir Richard Webster gave him the excellent advice to take what he could get, and so accordingly he did for the rest of the sittings. On the 30th of August, Mr. Finlay, to the general contentment of mankind, became Solicitor-General. Thereupon the Treasury, whilst authorising the payment of Lockwood's salary up to date, proceeded to lay claim to the fees he had earned during the interval I have

referred to ! ‘ My Lords feel sure that Sir F. Lockwood will understand that in arriving at this decision they have been actuated solely by the importance which they attach to the strict observance of the rule which governed his tenure of office.’ Lockwood took the salary and handed over the fees, some six or seven hundred guineas, without a murmur, whilst the Treasury, for one brief hour, basked in the smile of that stern economist Mr. Gibson Bowles, who publicly expressed his approval of the proceeding. Lockwood was fond of asserting that the Government had waged the Ashanti War with his fees ; but this was not so, for they were brought into account as an appropriation in aid of the vote for the law charges.

The private practice of the late Solicitor-General, or at all events the most lucrative part of it, came back to him as if of its own accord, and he resumed his former strenuous way of life.

On the 8th of August, 1896, Sir Frank Lockwood, accompanied by Lady Lockwood and his elder daughter, sailed from Liverpool on board the *Umbria* for New York. The occasion of this visit was the nineteenth meeting of the American Bar Association, held at Saratoga Springs on the

19th, 20th and 21st of the same month. To leave Liverpool on the 8th of August in order to keep an appointment at Saratoga Springs on the 19th is one of those triumphs of motion we have ceased to celebrate ; indeed, so fond are we of grumbling that we may be found gloomily inquiring whether what was said at the nineteenth meeting of the American Bar Association was any better worth hearing than would have been the case had it taken three months to get there.

The Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Montague Crackan thorpe, and Sir Frank Lockwood were the three specially invited guests from the Old Country. Certainly no better representatives of the power, learning, and humour of the English bar could have been found. Lord Russell of Killowen delivered the annual address before an audience of nearly five thousand people—his subject being ‘ International Arbitration ’ ; Mr. Crackan thorpe read a paper on ‘ The Uses of Legal History ’ ; while Lockwood was well content to draw innumerable sketches and, whenever called upon, to make amusing speeches. What precise measure of success rewarded his light-hearted efforts I cannot say.

After all, whether in England or America, whether before dinner or after it, there are only two kinds of speeches—the good and the bad. Who could speak better than Mr. Phelps or Mr. Lowell ? I have, however, heard it asserted that there exists in the States a conventional after-dinner oration—a thing prodigious in length, formal in delivery, stereotyped in phraseology, stuffed with anecdotes which frequent repetitions have burnished till they shine repulsively, and that to orations of this description a long-suffering people will at least appear to listen. If this indeed be so, Lockwood's easy effusions may have been found a little puzzling. On one occasion he told the following wholly imaginary story of how in the defence of a prisoner he had selected an alibi :

'I remember on one occasion defending an innocent man—it has not often fallen to my lot to defend so innocent a man. When I asked the solicitor who instructed me about the case to tell me what the defence was, he said : "It is an alibi." Said I : "No better defence can be proffered to any judge ; tell it to me." He said : "It was on the 15th of March, as you are aware,

that this innocent man is charged with this offence at York." York is my own constituency, and I defend my constituents on reasonable terms. He said: "On the 15th of March our client, so far from being in York, was in Manchester attending a race meeting." I said: "I don't like it. It may offend the Nonconformist conscience." "Well," says he, "let that pass. He was at Blackpool." "Where?" I said. "Drinking at the bar of a public-house, and I have got the barmaid to prove it." This I rejected on the ground that the public-house might be a stumbling-block to some. "Well, what do you think of this?" says he. "Wolverhampton, in a second-hand furniture dealer's shop, buying a coffin for his mother-in-law, and I have got the book to prove it." I said: "That is the alibi for our innocent man." Well, we tried that man and he was convicted, and on the conclusion of the trial I had the opportunity of conversing with the learned judge who tried the case. Said he: "That was a goodish alibi." Said I: "It ought to be, my lord, it was the best of three."

This story involved its author in much correspondence with outraged individuals. And

yet one would have imagined it could have deceived nobody, least of all an American, for nothing is more characteristic of American humour than the grave telling of an impossible tale.

From Lockwood's American diary I have made the following selections.

Visit to the Canadian House of Commons

'August 31.—After breakfast the L.C.J. and I went by car to the Geological Museum; after luncheon L.C.J., Lady R., Julia, and I drove to the Speaker's house. The L.C.J. and I sat in the House of Commons on each side of the Speaker's chair on the floor of the House. We heard questions and motions. Nothing very interesting in the way of debate, but the procedure interested us as being carefully modelled on our own. Certain innovations are not any improvement, notably the boy messengers who are summoned by a crack of the finger, and who are continually rushing here and there. . . .

'September 1.—The L.C.J. and I then went to the Speaker's house and accompanied him as before. We heard the continuation

of a debate upon the dismissal of certain civil servants for the active political part they took in the late election. It was a lively and interesting discussion. Mr. Foster, a member of the late Government, demanded to know the Government policy, alleging that two members of the cabinet had held contrary opinions. He alleged that the Government had used the local parliaments in the campaign. The Premier stated in reply that a civil servant would not be permitted by the Government to take an offensive part in politics—if he did he must take the consequences. He then alluded to Sir C. Tupper having in 1891, when High Commissioner for Canada in London, come back to Canada, taken part in the election, and been paid his expenses by the State. This brought up Sir C. T., who said he came home in '91 at express request of Sir J. A. Macdonald to defend and preserve British institutions in the Dominion, inasmuch as opposition Liberals were then advocating reciprocity with the United States. He taunted the Liberal party with giving up Free Trade for the occasion. Sir R. Cartwright followed, pointing out that Sir C. T. had for-

gotten British institutions when he offered reciprocity to Mr. Bayard at Washington. He also read rather a telling quotation from Sir C. T. when he dismissed a civil servant for political activity. The House rose at 6 till 8, we coming away at the adjournment, having heard about three hours of the debate, which I much enjoyed. I was struck by the good-humour of the contest ; though the attack was now and then sharp, no temper was displayed.

'At the luncheon I sat next Mr. Bostock, a young Englishman who has been out here for three years. He has been returned to the Dominion Parliament for a far-west constituency, which extends over 120,000 square miles. But the register only contains 7,000 votes. He polled 3,200 votes in the election at which he was returned—just 2,000 less than my poll at the last election at York.'

Visit to Edison

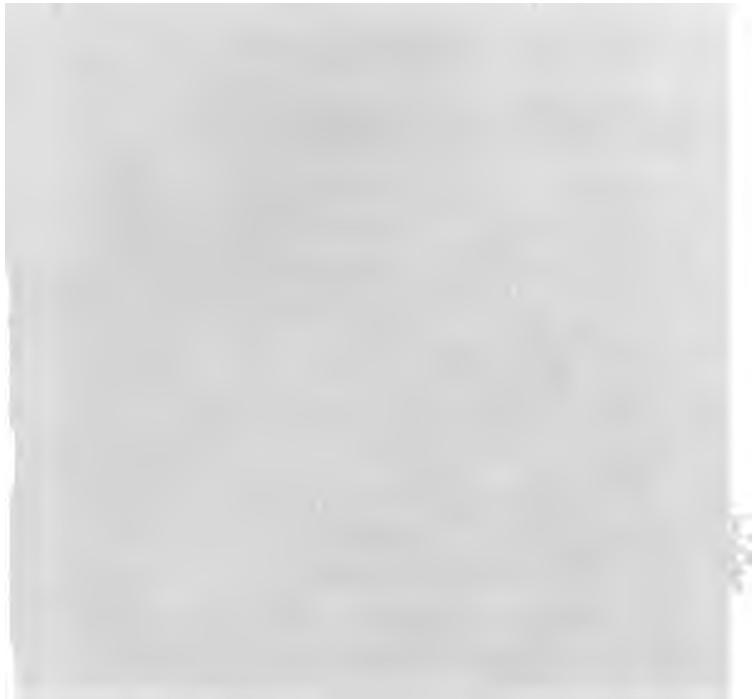
'October 9.—We went with Colonel Gouraud and his sons to see Mr. Edison at his laboratory and works, East Orange—we spent a most interesting day with the great inventor. He is

devoted to his researches, and told Julia, who asked him when he began to strive after invention, that at the age of ten he sat on a hen's eggs, in order to incubate them, but he found it tedious. He said that he did not try to do possible but impossible things. In one of his investigations he was always confronted by an imperfection, and at last overcame it by creating another. I suggested that this showed that there were occasions when two blacks might make one white. He did not think, however, that his experience in this matter should be applied to morals. We sat with him and listened to his most recent phonograph—certainly far superior to anything of the kind which I have heard. We were shown his development of the X rays. The operator showed us his arm, with which he has frequently experimented—it was swollen and red, as if it had been exposed to a hot sun. We saw the last new kinetoscope, the producer of living pictures, also the vilascope—not yet complete—by means of which he produces life-size figures. He has a series of photographs, forty to the second, of an operatic performance. The figures will appear life size, and

the music and the words will be repeated by a phonograph with increased volume. I asked him which of his inventions gave him the greatest pleasure. He said the phonograph. He has a beautiful house and grounds near the works, but he spends most of his time at work—sometimes working all night. Indeed, he simply lives for his work. He eats to keep himself going—he does not care what it is so long as it gives sustenance. He likes smoking, but drinks nothing but milk and water. His wife and children came during the afternoon. Apart from his work he is as simple as a child. It is curious to see this great creature doing what he is told to do. Julia wanted his photograph and autograph. Mr. Gilmore, a manager, produced a photograph and two cards and told Edison to sign them, which he did. I wish I could draw him, in his suit of faded blue serge spotted with chemicals—hands and nails stained with acids, rusty boots, slouching gait, eyes sweet and tender, but which every now and then throw out flashes as bright and expressive as an X ray itself. I was five hours with him and got quite to love the man. He would not let us go, but



MR. EDISON



kept bringing first one thing and then another. He gave me an X rays lamp, and Lulu several slips of photographs for the kinetoscope. Quite a day to remember.'

Visit to Mount Vernon

'October 7.—We went by the electric railway across the Potomac into Virginia, to Mount Vernon, the house in which George Washington lived and died. Every effort has been made to restore the furniture as it was in George Washington's time. The estate was purchased by public subscription, organised by the women of Washington and other cities. A committee of women is appointed to manage the property—for one week in the year the members of the committee reside at Mount Vernon, and discharge the business of the trust.'

Fishing Expedition to the Tourilli Club

'September 11.—Julia, Lulu, and I started at 8 A.M. for the fishing expedition. . . . We were accompanied by Mr. J. U. Gregory, the president of the club—known as the commodore—his sister, a widow lady, and his little grandson

Ernest, aged 11. We went by train to St. Raymond, about thirty miles from Quebec. We there found conveyances, curious, but fitted to the district—we had a drive of thirteen miles up into the forest. The day was beautiful and the scenery grand—after about eight miles we came to the woods which border the River St. Anne, and along a most irregular and jolting road with views of the river. We proceeded until we came to the main lodge of the Tourilli Club. This club has a district of about sixty miles by sixty of mountain, wood, lake, and stream. The lakes and rivers are full of fish, and moose and bear are in the woods. Duck, partridge (Canadian) abound—a sportsman's paradise. The winter is the best time for the big game. The club house is built of wood with a verandah running down one side. It is comfortable—a large room with bedrooms opening out of it—kitchens and rooms for the guides in the rear, and some bedrooms above. A French-Canadian and his wife do the cooking and look after the house. Mr. Gregory brought his own servant, Albert. He had also obtained four hunters, or guides, to attend us on our fishing excursion. Rods,

flies, &c., all provided by his kind forethought. I had not kit of any kind, but managed to rig myself out pretty well, wearing a thickish flannel suit, my strongest boots. After lunch we went down to the river, which flows about fifty yards below the club house, and embarked in canoes—a guide at the helm and the stern with long poles, shod with iron, with which they pushed the canoes up stream, through the miniature rapids. The woods come down to the banks on both sides—we fished with small success as we were poled up—oddly enough, we met Mr. Rawle and his two sons, who had been with us at Saratoga, coming down stream *en route* for the club house and St. Raymond, on the way home to Philadelphia. They had been in the wilds for fifteen days. It was a strange thing, in so wild a place, to meet anyone we knew. We came down the stream in the evening much quicker than we went up, and at dusk were back at the club house. The Rawles were there collecting their traps, and started home about seven. We had an excellent dinner—I went to bed early as I was to be up at six.'

'September 12.—I started soon after seven

with two guides, Godin and his son-in-law Beaufré—we took canoe and they poled me some three or four miles up stream. It was a dull, rainy morning—the mountains, covered with wood on either side, looked very grand. We disembarked, leaving our canoe moored, and proceeded to march through the woods along a track, steep at times, boggy at times, but always with bush and trees on each side. Godin first, I followed, then Beaufré—we went up about four miles when we came to a lake, surrounded by trees, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile by 200 yards—we found a tent and some cooking utensils belonging to the club. Sometimes the fisherman spends the night at Lake Cirnon, as it is called. The guides made a fire, dried my boots and socks, made some tea, fried some bacon, and Godin and I then got into a punt, and I tried my hand with a light fly-rod and two flies, a claret and red hackle. I did not begin to fish till 12.30. I left off at three, but in that time I had caught forty-nine beautiful fish running from about 1 lb. to $\frac{1}{4}$ —I also got a duck (I had brought Mr. Gregory's ten-bore gun with me), what they called a golden eye. After fishing we landed, went back to the tent, the guides

broiled some fish which I had with some tea, then a pipe while they packed up, and then off back again. We reached the river at about six, and saw on the other side the smoke of the fire, where the others had come to fish and lunch, but they had started back before we launched our canoe. The men now took their paddles and shot the canoe through the little rapids—it was nearly dark and I much enjoyed this part of the performance, as, indeed, I did the whole day. By seven o'clock I was in the club house again. I found that the others had all enjoyed themselves, although they had not so big a take as I. An excellent dinner, a bottle of champagne with Mr. G., and to bed.'

'September 13.—Sunday, a lovely bright day. Too bright for fishing. At six I was up, and at seven started as before. Godin, Beaufré and I crossed the river in front of the lodge, and struck right up through the wood up the opposite hill. We had a toilsome walk of about three miles—the surroundings like those of yesterday. After about an hour's walk we reached Lake Nord—smaller than Cirnon, fringed with trees. We lit our fire and I fished. Before starting, Godin and his

son-in-law asked me to allow them to say their prayers, as it was Sunday and the time of mass. I said I would join them. They gave me a piece of wood to kneel on. Godin repeated the prayers and Beaufré the responses—interrupted now and again with shouting at the little dog, Café, who accompanied us. This concluded, Godin and I started fishing, but with ill success—the day was too bright and the lake perfectly calm and clear. I only got about a dozen fish in all, and nothing more than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. However, I thoroughly enjoyed the day. The men cooked me some fish, and after lunch I lay down in the sun on a long strip of birch bark, waiting for a cloud or breeze; but none came, so after another try or two we struck our little camp and marched down to the lodge. I found that Lulu had had much better sport than I had. She, Julia, and some guides had been up to a lake behind the lodge—Lulu had caught ninety trout, small, but some of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. We had a very comfortable dinner, smoke. Mr. Gregory is a capital fellow, and we all got along very well.'

'September 14.—I intended to start at seven for the lake where Lulu had been so successful, but

over-slept myself and did not start till nearly eight. The lake is about a mile up through the wood. I fished from about nine till eleven, got forty-nine trout, all small—tried to get some duck, but failed, and then returned to the lodge to change and start back for Quebec. Lulu and I started walking, and the buck-boards did not catch us up until we had walked more than three miles along the bank of the St. Anne River—a wretched train from St. Raymond—we did not reach Quebec until seven. I most thoroughly enjoyed my expedition to the Tourilli Club—it was a real experience of the backwoods of Canada.'

Visit to President Cleveland

'September 23.—I got up early and drove to the station, where I met the L.C.J., Mr. Secretary Olney (Foreign Affairs), and Mr. Secretary Francis (Minister of the Interior), who has just become a member of the cabinet. We left in a car attached to the 8.30 A.M. train, to pay a visit to the President of the United States, Mr. Cleveland, at Grey Gables. The train brought us to a place called Buzzard's Bay at about 11 A.M. We found carriages waiting for us to

take us to Grey Gables. The house stands by itself on an inlet of the sea. It is built of stone and faced with grey slate. A few small trees. But the attraction to the President is the sea-fishing. Mr. Cleveland met us in the verandah. He is very stout and was wearing a black frock coat. He led the way into his hall, which has a rough stone fireplace, and is lined with light coloured wood. The room beyond, with a similar fireplace, is evidently the sitting-room. Here we met Mrs. Cleveland, a charming woman, much younger than her husband. We were afterwards introduced to the three little girls—the eldest about eight. Mr. Secretary Carlisle and his wife were staying at Grey Gables—we all sat and chatted—the President mainly about sea-fishing, to which he is devoted. After about an hour and a half's visit Captain Grover, of U.S. gun-boat *Dolphin*, and his A.D.M. arrived. The gun-boat had come round by sea to take us back, and as she could not get within four or five miles of the part of the bay where Grey Gables is situated, she had brought the torpedo boat *Cushing* in attendance. This boat awaited us, but she in turn could not get up to the Presi-



A SKETCH OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

dent's landing. So he took us in his steam-launch out to the *Cushing*—he returning, we departing. . . . The President did not in conversation make many references to immediate political matters. In speaking of Bryan's campaign he said he thought his friends were making him talk too much. Mr. Secretary Carlisle said the same to me, and I gathered that both thought that the chances of Bryan had not improved. The President seemed to be on most friendly terms with the three members of his cabinet who were present, and they seemed to have a strong personal regard for him. The President told me that Grey Gables was a place in which he delighted—he got unlimited rest and fishing. He had been instructing Mr. Carlisle in the art and found him an apt pupil. Mrs. Carlisle is a shrewd Kentucky lady. In fact they one and all claimed a Kentucky connection. I fancy Kentucky plays the part that Scotland does with us.'

Bryan

'September 29.—After an early dinner the L.C.J., Lady R., Julia, Crackanthurpe, and I

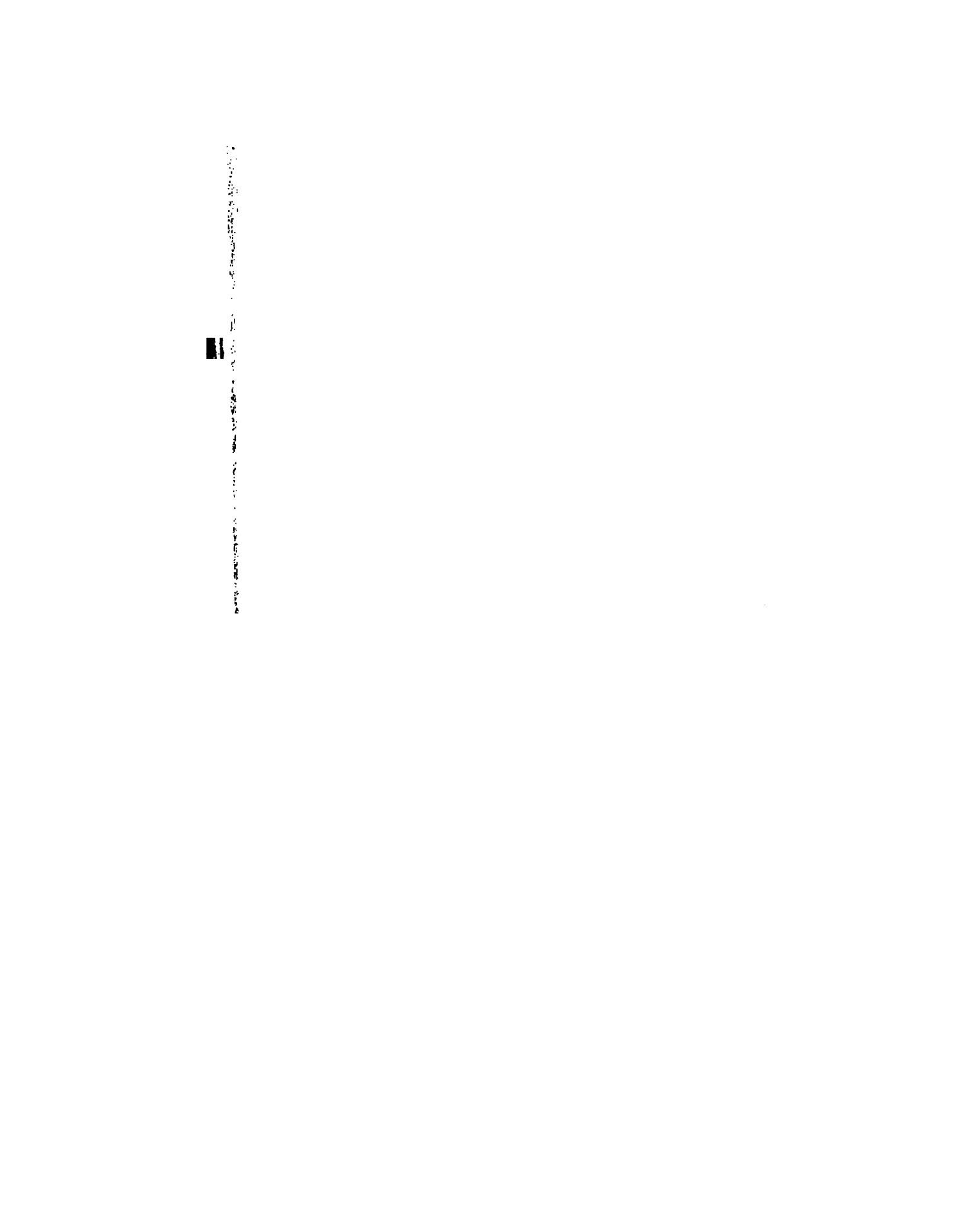
went with Mr. and Mrs. Godkin to Tammany Hall, to hear the candidate for Presidency, Mr. Bryan, speak. We understood we were to have a box, but found none provided; in fact, I did not see such a thing. There was a great crowd in the street, but a strong escort of police took us through. (It reminded me of York on the polling day.) We struggled up some staircases, but found so much crowd and crush that Lady R. and the Chief Justice returned. We remained at the top of a staircase which led on to the platform. We waited there. I found myself standing next to Mr. Bryan, to whom I was introduced. When he went on we followed, and sat within a few yards of the orator. The audience cheered him and waved flags for fully ten minutes. He spoke for an hour; his voice showed signs of wear and tear. I shook hands with him on the conclusion and we went off to Delmonico's to supper.'

On the 10th of October the voyage home was begun on board the *Campania*, and on the 15th the Irish coast was sighted.

October 9.—Having completed our tour, of



MR. BRYAN SPEAKING



course we have left undone so much as to make what we have seen very small in comparison—but throughout we have seen everything under the most favourable conditions—all with whom we have been brought in contact have been generous in kindness, courtesy and hospitality.'

CHAPTER IX

LAST DAYS

Lockwood returned from America in excellent health and was soon at work again. Lord Bowen in one of his delightful letters says: 'The worst of these learned professions is that life goes so quick. You begin one morning to read briefs; you go on reading, with short intervals for refreshment, past Christmases, Easters, Long Vacations, just as you pass stations in a first-class express. Here you look up, and the time has about come for the guard to begin to take the tickets.' At no time was Lockwood in better trim for his work in the courts and in Parliament than during those days. His conduct of some difficult cases, full of those details and figures the handling of which was not supposed to be in his way, excited the admiration of his professional opponents. I remember congratulating him on

one of these successes, and how he replied with a somewhat wearied smile, ‘Oh ! yes, Todgers’s can still do it !’ In the House of Commons a change for the better was most noticeable. Contact with the front bench, and that usually most pernicious box, had positively done him good by giving him confidence. He now spoke with what for him must be called frequency—twelve times in his last year—and with that mixture of playfulness and good sense which was the true note of his oratory. As examples of this I may mention his speeches in February 1897, on the working of the Judicature Acts, and in April on the Criminal Cases Law of Evidence Bill, a measure still under discussion. Lockwood’s speech, which is reported in ‘Hansard’ (4th series, vol. xlviii. p. 816), is well worth reading. He was strongly in favour of the proposed reform, which, were it carried, would enable prisoners to give evidence on their own behalf.¹

Lockwood also took a considerable part, under the judicious guidance of Mr. Acland, in the discussion of the Government Bill assisting the denominational schools of the country, and

¹ It is now law.

his speech on the 15th of February—when he succeeded, to the intense joy of the committee, in compelling Sir John Gorst, by far the most finished, but at times the shyest and slyest of all parliamentary speakers, to take part in the discussion of the measure—shows how rapidly Lockwood was entering into the spirit, and how deftly he was acquiring the habits, of the parliamentary sportsman. But as the year proceeded, Lockwood began to flag—the month of May tried him, he had a horror of the month of May—he grew weary, and when alone became depressed. He had some ailments, and he seemed to magnify their importance. From his Cambridge days he had been haunted with the thought that he was not to live long. But though the thought was familiar, he had never familiarised himself with it. He hated to be where Death keeps his court, nor would he ever consent to talk of graves and epitaphs. And now he was convinced it was his turn to die. On the 18th of May, I dined in his company, as I had often done before, at a meeting of a small club, made up of members of both Houses of Parliament belonging to our party, which had

never hitherto needed any other *raison d'être* than that Lockwood belonged to it. He seemed outwardly all that he had ever been, but my heart sank within me when I noticed how, when challenged to a 'wit combat' after the old friendly fashion, he, who heretofore was always the easy victor in such engagements, quietly let the challenge go by, good-humouredly remarking that he had nothing to say. Driving home with him, he told me that he was seriously out of health, and questioned his ultimate recovery. To me he never seemed the same again, nor has the club met again. I doubt its ever doing so. No other such pervading personality as his frequented it.

He had of course his ups and downs during this time. He was in full practice, leading his life as before, but whenever we found ourselves alone together he was serious, and, though he did not again refer to his health, he never played the parts of the author, inflated or distressed, or did any of the other things which used to make my occasional Wednesday afternoon walks with him so delightful. One thing I do remember: during a walk home from the

House he suddenly asked me what I took to be the most melancholy lines in English poetry. Being accustomed to such conundrums from him I was not much surprised, and answered that, on the spur of the moment, I could think of none more melancholy, considering Swift's genius for friendship, than those lines of his written in sickness in Ireland :

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline ?
But why obscurely here alone
Where I am neither loved nor known ?
My state of health none care to learn,
My life is here no soul's concern,
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.'

I spouted these lines, melancholy though they are, light-heartedly enough, and was completely taken aback by the effect they produced upon my companion. He stopped in his walk, exclaiming several times with a strange emphasis, 'Horrible ! horrible ! horrible !' and twice added 'I'm not like that.' I could only bite my lips and wish I had thought of some other lines. Lockwood had a religious mind, and retained through life his faith in the Christianity his parents had taught him. The chatter in the

magazines about such matters had never interested him, and not even the symposia of eminent men, paid three guineas a sheet, about immortality had engaged his attention. He knew enough about human nature to know it was deeply wounded somewhere, and sorely stood in need of a healer. In his abhorrence of death there was nothing unmanly, nor, I dare say, unusual, but his was an intensely emotional temperament, and an imaginative nature. He had an actor's sensitiveness and an artist's fancy. Mrs. Kendal has remarked to me in her striking way, 'Frank had died a hundred deaths before his time came.' He pictured the scene. It was not that he was afraid to die, but that he wanted to live. Nor was this to be wondered at.

Life had treated him with unusual generosity. Nurtured by the love of parents who lived to see him grow up prosperous and respected, with brothers and sisters who remained bound to him by perhaps the pleasantest of all human ties, happily married, with two daughters to whom he was not only devotedly attached, but in whose society he took unaffected pleasure, with troops of friends, and full of the best kind of popularity,

busily occupied in the practice of a profession admirably adapted for the exhibition of his natural gifts and in which he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, with a beautiful home between the moors and the sea, built and planted after his taste and to his mind, where he loved to gather familiar faces around him and to follow his sports, the representative in Parliament of the minster city which occupies so great a place in the hearts of all loyal Yorkshiremen—it was, I repeat, not to be wondered at that he found it hard to die in the fifty-second year of his life.

*Linguenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*

The last time a great many of his parliamentary friends saw Lockwood was at the Queen's famous garden party at Windsor Castle on the 3rd of July, 1897. It was a great occasion for the House of Commons, which had been, so it was supposed, slighted by officials, and was now basking in the smile of royalty itself. It was a lovely day, and all went merrily along. Among those who were specially introduced to the Queen

was Lockwood, who certainly looked as hale and hearty as an ex-Solicitor-General could reasonably expect to do.

Parliament was prorogued on the 6th of August, and Lockwood went down as usual to Cober Hill for his last Long Vacation. Here he tramped over the moors with a dogged determination to do what he was accustomed to do. His old friend, Mr. Howard Smith, who knew him with the utmost intimacy, was amazed at the prolonged exercise he was able to take. At the same time he was drenching himself with German waters. The result was he lost flesh to an alarming extent, and when the Vacation was over it was but a shadow of his former self that returned to town. As one advances in life at the Bar, these returns from the Long Vacation to the daily routine of work are only too frequently marked by the disappearance of some familiar face, or by the rumour of some such pending change. It was said everywhere that Lockwood was no longer the same man. Usually the most conspicuous of counsel and the one easiest to see somewhere during the day, I searched for him in vain. As a matter of fact, his last

appearance in court was on Tuesday, the 2nd of November. He was retained in almost all the big cases about to come on, but he had to keep to his house in Lennox Gardens, where, in a state of much depression, he remained till the end came. There seemed to be nothing in his disorder, which had been carefully investigated by the most skilled surgeons, to warrant his conviction that his life was ebbing away, but such nevertheless his conviction was. When I called upon him I found him in the drawing-room, a shrunken but still a comely figure. No sooner had Lady Lockwood left us than he said, with great positiveness, that it was all over with him, and that die he must. I cited the opinions of the doctors, and how, accidents apart, it was impossible to die unless you had a mortal disease, and he had no mortal disease. But he listened indifferently and caught at nothing. Yet he was most anxious to live, and said so. I plunged into talk. He had lately had, so he said, with a grim smile, a great deal of time for reading, and had read Lord Tennyson's life, and Lucy Lockwood coming into the room just then, we all three talked away about the illustrious poet,

and his long and splendid life ; but all the time, though he conversed with considerable animation, his eyes wore the anxious look of a man whose luggage is packed for a long and difficult journey, who but awaits the summons to depart. I left with him a little book about ‘ Pickwick,’ and said ‘ Good-bye.’ Ill as I could not but feel he was, I never thought I was not to see him again. Whilst in this state of depression and loss of appetite, the influenza attacked him, and great weakness ensued. He fought against it as best he could, but at last said to the doctors, ‘ If anything is to be done for me, you must do it—I can help you no longer.’ His old Cambridge friend, the Rev. Charles Walford, the vicar of St. Saviour’s, close by Lennox Gardens, where Lockwood attended the services of the church, visited him, and Lockwood joined in his prayers with the same simple piety as he had done with those of the Catholic fishermen of the Canadian lake, but all the while he was longing for life. On Saturday, the 18th of December, he became rapidly worse, and through the night artificial means of respiration had to be employed. The end came at half-past two on Sunday

afternoon. He retained consciousness almost to the very end, and passed peaceably away in the fifty-second year of his age.

Sir Thomas Browne has said, in his somewhat fantastical style, ‘that there were not many extant that in a noble way feared the face of Death less than himself’; whereupon Dr. Johnson, with that sombre gravity of his, so infinitely consoling to the foreboding spirit of man, makes this comment: ‘the time will come to every human being when it must be known how well he can bear to die; and it has appeared that our author’s fortitude did not desert him in the great hour of trial.’ The same may be said of Frank Lockwood.



Sir Frank Lockwood, on his favourite Mare
From a photograph by Barraud.

London, Published by Smith, Elder & Co, 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

REFERENCES

Books and monographs

1. Frank Kostowicz was dead
for the world he created.
He died in 1956, but
his influence is still
alive. Frankly
I believe that the
most important and
influential book ever
written on the subject
is his *Principles of
Marketing*. It is
still the best book
on the
subject. Figures
are still
used. We
have not
yet
reached the
stage where we have



John Dikken in his father's
jacket by C. L.

CHAPTER X

CHARACTERISTICS AND IMPRESSIONS

THE news that Sir Frank Lockwood was dead took what we call the world by surprise. He seemed to represent, not only York, but health and spirits. It is no exaggeration to say that the intelligence wrung the heart. Nobody wanted him to die. No living soul breathed the more freely for his absence. Grief—genuine and unaffected—was the garb of all who knew him. The few who had remained strangers to his charm owned themselves amazed at the catholic vitality of this sorrow. Death is a familiar apparition. In the House of Commons, in the courts of law, in the club, well-known figures pass away out of sight and sound, and their old seats and corners know them no more. We quickly grow accustomed to their absence, but Lockwood's disappearance—so marked was his

vitality, so efficacious his presence—moved men to an unusual degree.

The 23rd of December, 1897, found many of Sir Frank's friends far from town. But the little church of St. Saviour's in Walton Street was full of mourners, no one of whom could have trusted himself to speak as the coffin was carried up the aisle. An old friend read the burial service, and none but old friends heard it read. Love is said to be a rare thing outside the family circle ; it stood by Lockwood's grave.

I am sick of myself in this connection, and hoped to throw open this, the last chapter, to the contributions of a number of Lockwood's friends who knew him at least as well as I did (and I consider I knew him well), and some of them for much longer periods of time. But for their encouragement I should never have written what I have done. These contributors, with one fortunate exception, are not forthcoming, the task of putting upon paper the secret of their affection, and of illustrating the method of the charm that bound them his captives, having proved unsurmountable. I am more disappointed than surprised. The exception is Lord

Rosebery, who has written me the following letter :

' My dear Birrell,—You ask me to write something about Frank Lockwood. It is a labour of love, but a labour of despair. The more I think of it, the more hopeless a task it seems, to convey to those who did not know him what he was to his friends and to society at large. For his position reminds me faintly of that which was occupied by George Selwyn in the last century, who seems to have possessed a fascination, different perhaps in kind, but alike in effect.

' What, then, constituted Lockwood's charm ? I believe it to be impossible to express this in words, but one may at least touch on one or two obvious points.

' In the first place he was a splendid specimen of humanity, and humanity loves to see itself well embodied. His tall, powerful frame, his fine head crowned with picturesque, premature white hair, his handsome, healthy face, with its sunshine of genial, not vapid, good-nature, made him notable everywhere. So powerful was

this personality that his entrance into a room seemed to change the whole complexion of the company, and I often fancied that he could dispel a London fog by his presence.

‘Secondly, his humour, whether in conversation or in caricature, was signal and memorable, for it was as spontaneous and exuberant, though not so brilliant, as Sydney Smith’s. Whether any record can give the least idea of it seems to me more than doubtful. Considered apart from the circumstances of the occasion and the personality of the man, his sayings might seem little worthy of publication, and indeed, as I write, I can think of nothing of his that is really worthy of separate record. It would seem as if his reputation for humour will have to rest on his drawings and on the affidavits of his friends.

‘But there was this about his humour, which is probably unique—it never made him an enemy. He was too much of a man, and too successful a man, not to have had enemies (though I never came across one); but I feel confident that his humour, whether expressed in speech or in drawing, never made him one. Those whom he

most loved to rally cherished him all the more. It was, indeed, the peculiarity of his pencil to delineate the humorous aspects of his intimate friends. There was probably an unconscious motive for this—that of these men he was sure—they knew him and would not misunderstand him. This was his instinct: they would appreciate his motive; and to make this quite clear he would frequently associate with the sketch his own portrait, the most burlesque of all.

'His sketches speak for themselves, as can be seen in the exhibition which was lately held. But even these do not explain themselves as do those of Gillray or Rowlandson or Leech or the Doyles (to cite only dead artists). To understand their charm, one must understand the appositeness, the spontaneousness, the apropos. One must put oneself in the position of a correspondent opening a letter in the welcome handwriting and finding a note summed up with an irresistible sketch; or a lawyer who has had a heavy case enlivened by a succession of droll portraits; or a colleague in the House of Commons who has seen a tedious orator reproduced on a notice paper during a prosaic speech.

Frank Lockwood's sketches were the oases of serious life, and it would often need a column of letter-press to explain their full bearing and popularity.

'So, too, with his jokes. Written down in black and white they are not like Sheridan's or Canning's, which make the librarian laugh as he takes down the volumes in which they are enshrined. Nor are they like those of Disraeli or Luttrell, elaborate, saturnine, desperately cynical. But then did Disraeli or Luttrell's conversation ever make anyone laugh? Lockwood's well-spring was mirth—his mirth gushed out of him and affected everyone else—it was a general enjoyment, irresistible, contagious, eminently natural. He was of the order of wit who, enjoying his joke himself, conveys at the same time his enjoyment to others. But each was possessed by this exuberant irrepressible drollery. Let me say this last capital word: Lockwood was never coarse.

'But, as I said, I can give no specimens. I am writing here alone, far from England, and cannot appeal to his friends for assistance; nor would I if I could, as you want the single

impression that he made on one individual. I can only appeal to all who met him as to the impression he made on them as to the quality of his humour, and (to use a dubious expression) as to his magnetism. For one instance I would appeal to those who dined on a certain occasion with Lord Burghclere, if they will ever forget the war of wits between Lockwood and Haldane and yourself. It is pitiful not to be able to quote, for I seem to give away the case, but I cannot; I can only again point to George Selwyn as some parallel to our friend, and remind you that his reputation certainly does not rest on his surviving letters and jokes.

'Withal, there is something more to be said of Lockwood which could also be said of Selwyn—he was a good friend. When a man who has shown exceptional qualities of head (especially that of acute and humorous perception) displays also exceptional qualities of heart, he irresistibly attracts his fellow-men. This was the final, subtlest touch of Lockwood's fascination, for it gave the charm to his manners. His manners were the mirror of his

soul: the clear, pure, sympathetic mirror of a clear, pure, sympathetic soul.

'But I am running on—saying nothing but what all who knew him know as well as I do, and what those who did not know him will not appreciate. He is gone, cut off in the flower of a vigorous life, in the spring-tide of success, in the triumph of popularity. What that means to those who loved him, only those can realise who witnessed the congregation of sorrow that assembled at the little Chelsea church to bid him farewell.

'Yours sincerely,
'R.'

Posilipo : June 1898.

There remain a few traits of character that I feel must be added, though the danger of employing the wrong word makes me feverishly desirous of coming to an end. I have often heard Lockwood described as a jovial man, and scores of epithets and adjectives might easily be employed wherewith to daub a picture. But was he a jovial man? When his company suited him he was the best of good company.

'The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety
That laughed down many a summer sun
And kept you up so oft till one.'

But in haphazard society he was not a ready talker, and could sit mum at a dull dinner party as well as another. Nor had he the knack of wasting time—the delightful capacity to be idle. I never saw him, though he smoked, in that citadel of wasted time, the smoking-room of the House of Commons, a place it is hard to enter without thinking of Rossetti's tremendous sonnet, 'Lost Days.'

'Each one a murdered self, with low, last breath :
I am thyself—what hast thou done to me ?
And I, and I, thyself (lo, each one saith),
And thou thyself to all eternity.'

But the sigh once heaved, the House of Commons smoking-room is a handy place wherein to while away a few hours in idle converse with fellow-wastrels; but I never saw Lockwood wasting his time there, or anywhere else. He was a strenuous being, and always liked to be doing something.

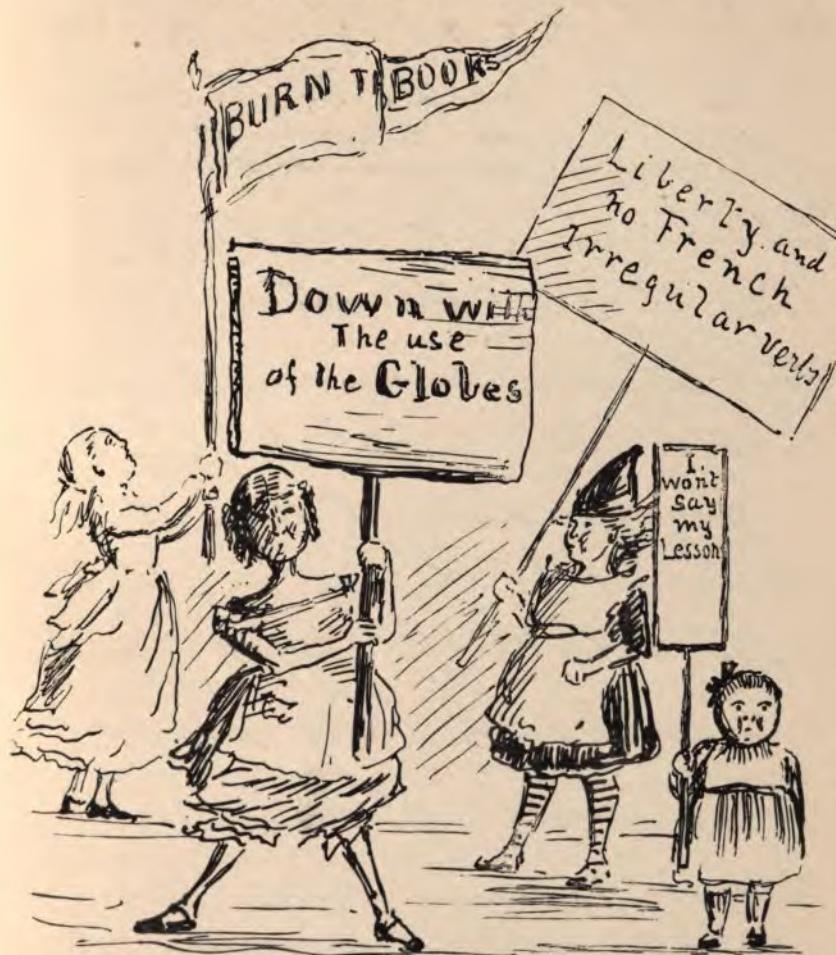
He was of course fond of children, and, what is more to the purpose, knew how to amuse

them, for not only could he tell them stories, but illustrate them as he went along. He spared no pains in giving pleasure, and never thought of asking 'Is it worth while?' and so all about him came to look upon him as a perennial fountain of fun, and sometimes perhaps forgot that everything human costs some effort. In early days he had his younger sister to amuse. How well he did it the following letter, which must be given in facsimile, shows:

'1 Hare Court, Temple : 28—11—72.

'My dear Agnes,—I do not know whether you have ever heard of a strike. They are very fashionable just now—policemen strike, curates strike, organ-grinders strike. In fact, all people that on earth do dwell strike, excepting, of course, lawyers, who know better, and act accordingly. But of all the strikes, the one which strikes my mind as being the most disgraceful is the one which I have endeavoured to depict on the other side of this page. Fancy, a girl's school has struck. They put the globes into the grand piano, and hung the harp on a willow tree in the back garden. As I passed by the house,

I Han C! Temple. 20. 11. 72 -



My dear Agnes

I do not know whether you have ever heard of a strike. They are very fashionable just now, policemen strike, carmen's strike, organ grinders strike.

In fact all people that on
earth do dwell strike, excepting
of course lawyers, who know
better, and act accordingly -
But of all the strikes. the
one which strikes my mind
as being the most disgraceful
is the one which I have en-
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the harp on a willow b[ee
in the back garden. As I
passed by the house, and saw
what I have drawn, I thought
of you and at once sat-

down in the middle of the
road to write this letter
as I see the water cart
coming round the corner
I think I had better get
up So with best love

Believe me

Your affec brother
Frank.

1

and saw what I have drawn, I thought of you, and at once sat down in the middle of the road to write this letter. As I see the water-cart coming round the corner, I think I had better get up. So with best love,

‘ Believe me, your affectionate brother,
‘ FRANK.’

As for his own children, they were never long out of his mind. The younger of the two has entrusted me with a precious envelope containing her father’s letters, treasured as only children can treasure the things they greatly care for. They are full, as many a father’s letters to a child have been full before, of the appalling misdeeds of a boy of almost super-human wickedness. In this case the child is called Moses, and his features are Semitic; he has an Aunt Maria, whose devotion is ill paid with the basest ingratitude. The misadventures and crimes of this abominable but fascinating boy are the subjects of innumerable letters to Madge, letters eagerly received, scrupulously acknowledged, and reverentially preserved. I do not hesitate to print four or five of them, with

their accompanying pictures, for the world, despite its evil antecedents and gloomy outlook, is a kindly place, full of fathers and little children confidently expecting to be amused.

'House of Commons: February 26, 1894.

'My dear Madgie,—Moses is here to-night, sitting next to Mr. Gladstone. He is very conceited about it. I am sorry you won't see Lucy in her finery.'

'Your loving father,

'FRANK LOCKWOOD.'

'The Court House, Sheffield: July 12, 1894.

'My darling Madge,—I suppose you will get home to-morrow. I must let you know of the sad scene we have had here. Moses has been in trouble for blacking Aunt Maria's eye. Even the stern policeman dropped a tear, but Aunt M. was quite calm.'

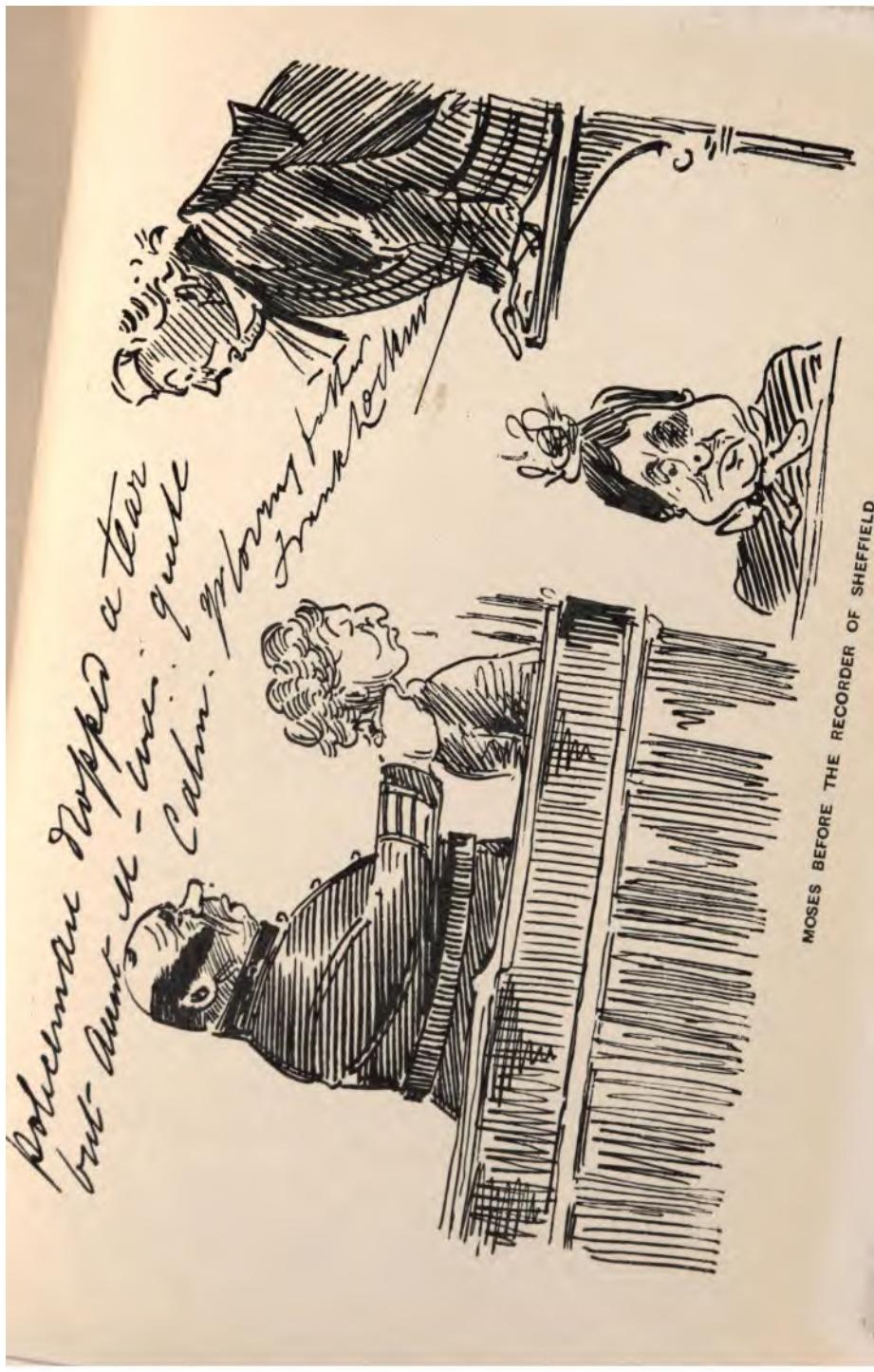
'Your loving father,

'FRANK LOCKWOOD.'

'Brooks's, St. James's Street:

'January 22, 1895.

'My dear Madgie,—I suppose you have heard that we went to skate on Sunday—who



Policeman dropped a tear
but Auntie in - iue. quite
Cabin. gloomy to the room

MOSES BEFORE THE RECORDER OF SHEFFIELD



MOSES ON THE TREASURY BENCH



do you suppose was on the ice? Our friend M. with Aunt M.; he was behaving rudely to the poor lady, who really does not skate well. I heard that M. was going to Wales. I should like to know if you have seen anything of him. With best love,

‘Your aff^{ate} father,

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‘Solicitor-General’s Room: January 31, 1895.

‘My dear Madge,—Why did you let M. come back to town?—he has been in mischief ever since—snowballing Aunt M. Please write for him to come back at once.

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Cunard Royal Mail Steamship *Umbria*:

‘August 14, 1896,

‘My darling Madgie,—We are now drawing near the end of our long journey. It has not been at all rough yet, and very few people have been ill. Of course poor Moses has suffered.

‘He is not looking his best, and says that he wants to go home. I suppose mother will

send you such news as we have, which is not much. We have not seen many ships, but one evening in mid-Atlantic we saw a strange craft. I believe it was Aunt Maria.

‘Your aff^{ate} father,

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Another delightful characteristic was Lockwood’s unrivalled skill as a *mystifier*. He enjoyed puzzling people, in this respect resembling Sothern. A comedy of errors delighted him. He would himself despatch telegrams announcing the arrival at Cober Hill of inconvenient guests at most inconvenient seasons ; and on the arrival of these messages he would appear greatly put out, hold family councils, make impassioned speeches, bewail his hard lot, discuss bedrooms, harangue the housekeeper, avow his own fixed determination of returning immediately to town, ring for Bradshaw, order round the gig, clamour for his portmanteau, and then, and when tears (not his own, but other people’s) seemed imminent, the whole scene would be dissolved in laughter. So imperturbable was his manner that the fact he had played pranks of the same kind before never



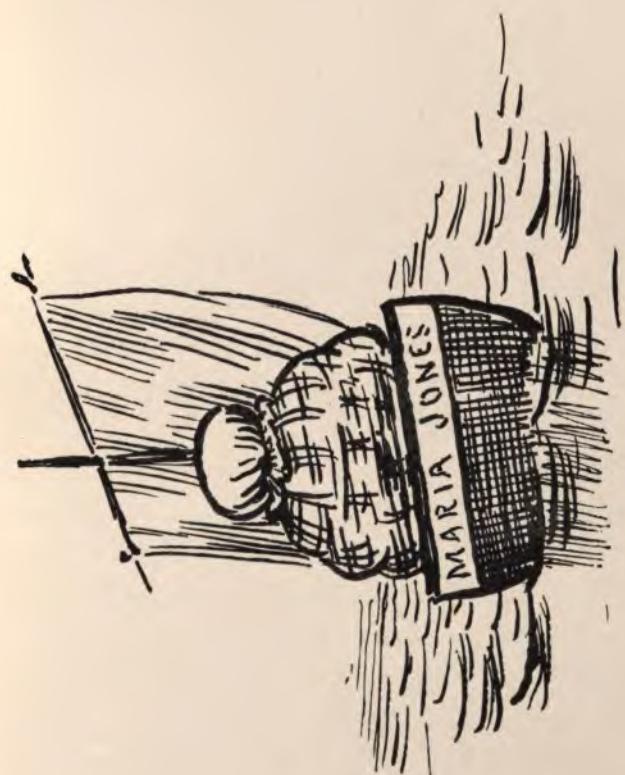
MOSES BEHAVING RUDELY TO AUNT MARIA ON THE ICE

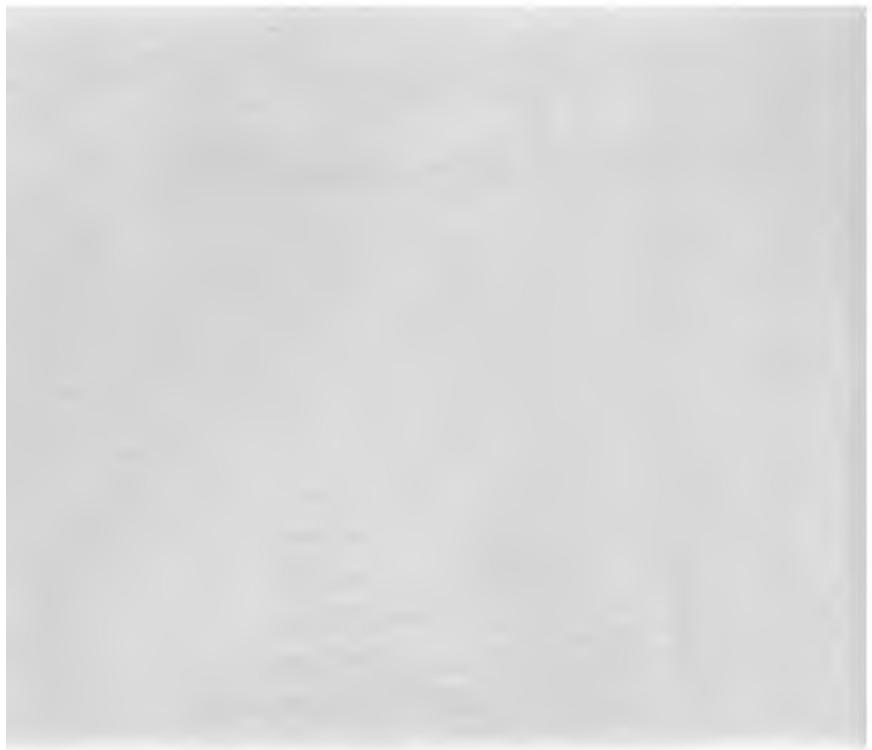




MOSES SNOWBALLING AUNT MARIA







made his victims suspect that he was playing them again. He once had a terrible quarrel, or what seemed such, with his brother-in-law Mac-laine of Lochbuie on the platform at Warwick station. It really was a painful scene. In vain did the station-master implore the gentlemen to be pacified ; the gathered crowd was frightened, indignant, scornful, according to individual temperament ; and it was only when it appeared as if even the police must at last interfere, that the combatants were seen to burst out laughing, and to leap into their compartment the best of friends.

I was myself the object of one of his mystifications.

Some time in May, 1894, during the committee stage of the Finance Act, I had in the course of some observations in a party magazine made momentary use of an imaginary person whom I called the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.). Something in the name (which is, I still flatter myself, agreeably reminiscent of both Smollett and Dickens) tickled Lockwood's fancy, and immediately thereupon, without any Frankenstein labours, Boffin sprang into a very real existence.

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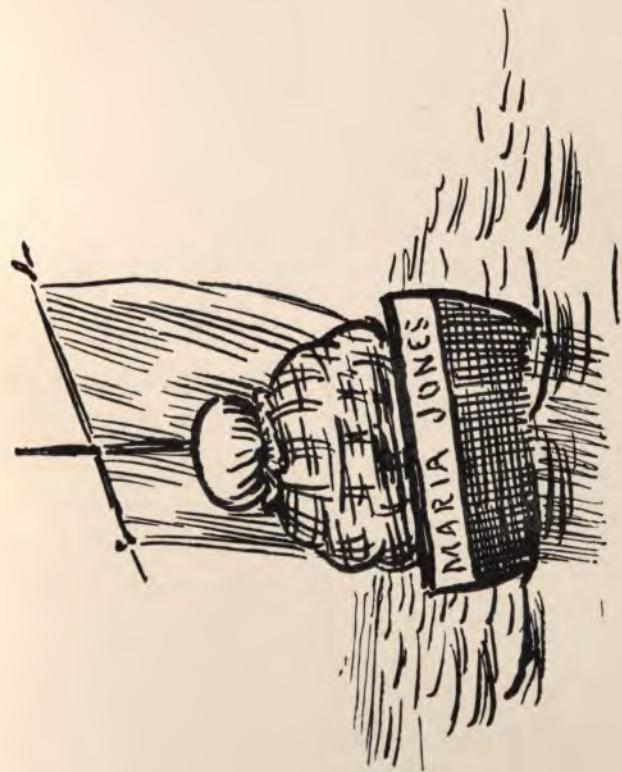
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*The Reverend
Tobias Boffin!!!*



I've heard of your scoffin and sneerin at Boffin,
And sweatin it's only a blind,
But sometay he'll call at your anstral hall
And give you a bit of his mind.

THE REV. TOBIAS BOFFIN PAYS A CALL



best asserted themselves in smaller groups. The photograph at the beginning of this chapter was taken for the Two Pins Club, an equestrian society which borrows its cryptic title from 'the names of the two most celebrated English equestrians known to the road, viz. Dick Turpin and John Gilpin,' the members representing 'all the dash of the one and all the respectability of the other.' They took rides on Sunday mornings, a cheerful cavalcade. Their numbers were apostolic, and their secular callings as varied as those of Canterbury Pilgrims. It was unkindly said of them that they had but one horse and one joke between them, but a list of their names would prove this a calumny.

Lockwood had a Yorkshireman's affection for horses, and a Doncaster man's love of a race-course. The first 'Derby' he ever saw was in 1869, the year he came to London to read for the Bar. This, I believe, was 'Pretender's' year, and a horse of Lord Rosebery's called 'Ladas' ran an absolute last. But 'the old Arbitrator, Time,' withheld his final award until 1894, when Lockwood had what to him was the enormous satisfaction of congratulating Lord Rosebery,

whose guest he was at the Durdans, upon the victory on Epsom Downs of another and (presumably) a fleeter Ladas.

If I add one concluding word of Lockwood as an advocate, it is only to say that by the united testimony of the clients who instructed him, and the counsel who either were with him or against him, he was both a fair man and a kind-hearted one. The last expression I took from the lips of Sir George Lewis, who briefed him scores and scores of times. ‘He would never,’ said Sir George, ‘even in the flush of victory, press more hardly upon a man than he thought justice and fairness demanded.’ For an advocate thus to put the curb upon himself is a fine characteristic. Lockwood never came to look upon human beings as pawns on a chess-board, as mere incidents in his own forensic career—to him they were always living creatures whom it was lawful to tease but brutal to torture.

Lockwood never disguised from his friends that he wished to be a judge of first instance. In these days, when law officers and ex-law officers stick like limpets to their posts and re-

versions, and can hardly be tempted to desert the Terrace and Grand Committee on Law of the House of Commons by any of the prizes of the profession save the Woolsack or a seat for life in the Lords, it was quite refreshing to meet an ex-Solicitor-General whose modest ambition was to be a judge of the High Court. The office of a judge appealed greatly to Lockwood's ever-lively imagination ; he had a passion for justice and fair play, and if he had lived to sit upon the bench he would have approached his work with a grave determination to do his very best.

Lord Halsbury, whose administration of the patronage belonging to his high office has never been deficient either in courage or generosity, was believed to regard Lockwood's succession to the bench with an eye of partiality, and in the very last month of his life the Lord Chancellor paid him a friendly call, which may or may not have had any particular significance. But by that time—as was, indeed, only too plain—Lockwood's life was spent. The Chancellor's visit, however, gave the dying man great pleasure. Ruefully glancing at his own shrunken frame, he said :

'He (the Chancellor) *must* have felt I should make an excellent *puisne* judge.'

When Parliament reassembled in February 1898, a meeting of Lockwood's friends was informally summoned, in one of the committee-rooms, to consider the propriety of a memorial. It was an interesting and indeed surprising gathering. Lord Rosebery was called to the chair. One feeling was universal—a common loss; one desire was felt—to do honour to the memory of a most delightful companion of the voyage of life. It was noticeable how the laymen present not a little resented the notion that the law courts had any monopoly of Frank Lockwood. Mr. C. W. Mathews, one of Lockwood's most intimate friends, was appointed honorary secretary, and it was ultimately determined to invite subscriptions to a fund to be devoted to the endowment of a child's cot at a London hospital, to procuring a portrait to be offered eventually to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and to placing memorial tablets both in York Minster and St. Margaret's, Westminster. All these things will be done.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood lately asked me

'whether ever before people had raised a monument to a man just because they all liked him.' I could not answer the question, but it seemed to me, as it did to Mr. Greenwood, an excellent if unusual reason for raising a monument. Certainly no other would have satisfied the affectionate nature of Frank Lockwood.

His personality became obtrusive. Not only did he write a letter complaining bitterly of my reference to him, but he thrust himself into the councils of the party, attending a conference at Leeds on the thorny and indeed still unsolved problem of the House of Lords. His name appeared among the guests at a dinner given by the Eighty Club to Lord Kimberley, and also in the veracious advertisement columns of the 'Daily News' as having united a couple in holy matrimony. On more than one occasion whilst sitting in the House, that card with which members are only too familiar has been handed in to me, acquainting me that the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), was in the lobby seeking an interview with me on 'private business.' I remained on those occasions wedded to debate. Strangest of all, after the House rose, and at the end of August, I got a letter from Cober Hill enclosing a newspaper cutting from which it appeared that the reverend gentleman had interrupted a meeting which Alfred Pease was addressing in the North Riding. The cutting recounted as follows : 'Thereupon Mr. Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), came to the front, and expressed in strong language his

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